

# THE CALCUTTA JOURNAL,

OF

## Politics and General Literature.

VOL. III.]

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[No. 115

### SUMMARY OF NEWS.

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#### Politics of Europe.

The Bankshall Report of yesterday announced a Vessel standing in below the Light House, name not ascertained when the *Dawk* left Kedgerree. So many Vessels are now due from England, having sailed in December, that it is more than probable this unknown Ship is one of the number.

We received yesterday from the MELLISH, Files of the *NEW TIMES* and *THE TIMES*, the former to the 31st of December, the latter to the 3d of January 1823, from which we have drawn largely for our present Number. We can find nothing in them regarding the appointment of a new Governor General to India; and therefore conclude that the assertion of the *MADRAS COURIER* was founded in some misapprehension. We have heard also that a Letter of the 7th of January from London, brought by the *THOMAS COURTS* to the Cape, and from thence to this place by the *EARL OF BALCARNAS*, makes no allusion to such appointment.

The leading topics of the English Papers are—the struggle of the Greeks with the Turks—the junction of the Persians with the Russians—the changes in the French Ministry—the aspect of Affairs in Spain—and the outrages and violence that prevail in Ireland. To this also may be added the prevalence of severe storms along the coast of England, by which many ships have been lost, and considerable damage sustained by those that escaped total destruction.

The Shipping Intelligence being more than usually important, from the circumstance of these storms, &c. we have extracted largely from the Shipping Reports of the English Papers down to the latest date, and placed them under one point of view in a separate page.

The Review of *THE PIRATE*, by the Author of *Waverley*, is likely to be so impatiently looked for, that we have given up two Sheets to that alone. The Notice of Lord Byron's Tragedies must be deferred till to-morrow.

We have examined the December Papers narrowly, to see if any further mention was made of the reported assassination of Lieutenant Colonel Dick of the 42d Highlanders, or whether the report was subsequently contradicted, but we have not been successful in our search. The *MADRAS COURIER* of April 30, from which our Extract was made, takes it from the *GLASGOW JOURNAL* of December 4, which quotes the article from the *DUBLIN FREEMAN'S JOURNAL* of Nov. 30. Some confirmation or contradiction would probably be found in the London Papers between December 6 and 10, but this blank unfortunately occurs in our London File, the Papers from December 7 to 12 being on board some of the expected Ships that sailed about the middle of December.

We may add, however, that a Gentleman who came Passenger in the *DUKE OF LANCASTER* from Liverpool, and who left England on the 26th of December, states the report to be without foundation, which we shall be most happy to see confirmed.

In the search that we have made after information regarding the New Governor General of India, we have only found one paragraph in all our Papers which makes the slightest allusion to the subject, in the *TIMES* of December 15; but as the contradiction of the *COURIER* quoted at the Liverpool Meeting was no doubt of a later date, we do not attach any more credit to the one

part of this paragraph than we do to another; though, as a Public Journalist, it is our duty to give our Readers an opportunity to form their own judgement on it, after seeing the paragraph itself.

London, December 15, 1821.—Ministerial arrangements are now, we suppose, in a state of completion: the *GRENVILLE*s are to come in, by their representative Mr. CHARLES WYNN. This gentleman is, no doubt, to go to the Board of Control; the presence or absence of the present worthy head of that department hardly recalling even his name to public recollection. And not only is Mr. WYNN to become President of the Indian Board, but being, it is said, anxious with the rest of the *GRENVILLE*s for the success of the Catholic Question, he has stipulated that he shall be allowed to support the emancipation with all the influence of his office. The Marquis of HASTINGS is said to be like the old man in the fable, who, having invoked death often, is at last extremely loath to receive his summons. His Lordship is not willing to leave India immediately; but his successor will, it is now asserted, still be Mr. CANNING: "for where else can he go?" is the common cry. Dr. PHILLMORE is talked of as a new Lord of the Admiralty. We regret this exceedingly,—not in dislike to Dr. PHILLMORE, but in dislike of these useless offices, and from sorrow that there is no intention of abolishing or reducing them. The general observation that we should make upon all these appointments is, that Ministers are strengthened by them in the two Houses; and the country gentlemen will now, therefore, it may be feared, bring their complaints before Parliament, with a diminished probability of procuring relief by retrenchment. Out of the Parliament, there is nothing in the changes calculated to produce a favourable effect on the public mind, or engender a more affectionate regard to the Government: they will be viewed with apathy or disgust.

There are also certain changes in the law departments in Ireland. Mr. SAURIN, it is reported, is to succeed the Lord Chief Justice NORBURY, who retires, in order to make way for Mr. PLUNKETT as Attorney-General; and this latter gentleman's succession to the Attorney-generalship in Ireland is surmised (we know not how correctly) to be preparatory to his transfer to the eminent station of Lord Chancellor of England, whenever Lord ELDON retires.

The Commissioners appointed to investigate the abuses of the Revenue in Ireland, are, it will be seen, returned, or returning, to England. They are said to have proceeded with just firmness, and to be bringing over such an account of the corruptions and abuses of that country, as will make every thing that has yet been heard or conceived of abuse and corruption elsewhere sink into nothing. We know not whether they mean to demand fresh powers; but they mean, it is apprehended, to require such a confirmation of their past measures, as may give them confidence and strength in the completion of their work. Poor Ireland! on whatever part of her we cast a look, she is all "wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores."

*Ionian Islands.*—In accounts from the Ionian Islands, it is said, that, after the affray which took place between a detachment of English soldiers and the inhabitants of Zante, in the attempt to plunder a Turkish vessel which had been driven ashore in Cheri Bay, both the naval and military force at the island were much strengthened by order of Sir THOMAS MAITLAND. He then proceeded to punish the ringleaders in the affray, and afterwards to disarm the whole of the islanders, whose custom it had previously been to wear arms of some description as a part of their dress.

London Dec. 20, 1821.—Last night we received by express the Paris Journals of Monday.

The *DRAPEAU BLANC* contains an article, which, from the manner in which it is written and the matter it contains, appears to be a demi-official explanation of the views of the French Ministry with regard to the laws for restraining abuses of the liberty of the Press.

An article in the *UNIVERSAL GAZETTE* of Augsburg mentions the receipt of advices from Constantinople, by way of Odessa, to the 12th of November. It was not then believed that any answer to the ultimatum of the Russian Cabinet had been agreed to. It is asserted that the GRAND SEIGNOR had more than once declared in the Divan that England and Austria had conspired with the other Great Powers to crush the Porte and annihilate Islamism. As soon as Lord STRANGFORD learned the invasion of the Persians, he sent two couriers to Ispahan and Teheran, in order, it was supposed, to interpose his friendly mediation;—

Paris, Dec. 17, 1821.—The first act of this new Ministry has nobly contradicted and reduced to the silence of shame all the calumnious insinuations which men endeavoured to disseminate who desired a change, because they always expect to gain something by one, but who now see clearly that the alteration has not been made so as to contribute to their advantage. What advances the affairs of the worthy part of the community, must always make theirs retrograde.

As soon as the nomination of the new Ministers was known, it was announced in certain coteries that henceforward the right side of the Chamber, which had just made such a strong opposition to the Law of the Censorship demanded by the falling Ministry, was disposed to grant every thing to that which was rising; so true is it, that by these persons questions of principle were decided upon from the names of a few men.

It was added, that M. de Vaublanc was about to alter his Report, of which the negative conclusion and several remarkable passages were already known.

Undoubtedly, if the Ministry had not so promptly taken the resolution, which does it honour, it would have been necessary for M. de Vaublanc to alter his speech, since the auditors to whom he particularly addressed himself had quitted the place.

The Ministers have saved him this trouble. They wished to signalise their entrance into office by marking the ground on which they were determined to take their stand; it is that which we have under all circumstances so warmly recommended to the Royalists not to abandon, it is the ground of public liberties—that on which they can best defend the rights and prerogatives of the Crown, which are the best guarantees of those liberties.

The Ministers of the King have felt that it was due to their dignity to renounce that interdictory language which an indolent confidence made use of for several years to demand an arbitrary power, and which may be reduced to these terms:—

"Gentlemen, it is evident, it is admitted that it is impossible to make a law repressive of the abuses of the press. What appears impossible to us who are speaking to you is impossible to every body; the impossibility of this law is so clear to us, that we have not even taken the trouble to think about it. Yet as the Journals cannot remain without, we prefer, what is short and convenient, to demand the continuation of the Censorship for only five years. Q. E. D."

It is a very expeditious mode of reasoning to assume as a fact that which is a question—"It is impossible to make a law repressive of the liberties of the press." Such is not the opinion of the enlightened minds who have considered this matter, and have looked at the question in the true points of view. It was not the dispositions of the law which presented obstacles to them; it is easy to render them clear and positive; but the more important, as well as more difficult point, is to ensure the execution of the law. They agree generally in thinking, that to obtain from the law the salutary effects which it should produce, the execution of it must be entrusted, with a certain latitude as to the proportion of punishment, to enlightened Magistrates, in-

dulgent towards faults committed through inadvertency and with good faith, but inexorable towards insults on the holiness of the Altar and the majesty of the Throne; towards attacks, perfidiously calculated, on the principles of social order and public morals; towards the propagators of poisonous doctrines which corrupt and destroy youth. Let writers guilty of such crimes be subjected to so severe a punishment, as to take away from them, as it were, even the power of relapsing. With such a law thus executed, a strong Ministry will not need a Censorship; and it is known that it will always be the Censorship of a feeble Ministry,

We will not engage in the scholastic niceties of which the words *repress* and *prevent* have been the subjects; certain grammarians of the Tribune have wished these two words to be synonymous. We will only say, that some striking examples of a rigorous justice in *repressing* the offences committed by seditious or impious writers, would assuredly *prevent* those which others might be tempted to commit.

It is to be remarked, that the sincere friends of the liberty of the press repelled it with horror, if it was presented to them freed from those severe laws which alone can ensure its exercise and ward off its dangers.

We have more than once declared, and we will not cease repeating—"WE SHOULD PREFER ABSOLUTE DESPOTISM TO INDEFINITE AND UNLIMITED LIBERTY;" but between these two extremes there is a just and reasonable medium, a wise liberty, regulated by powerful LAWS. This is the problem to be solved, and the Ministry will easily find the solution, since they look for it with good faith. They may reckon on the assistance of all just minds, of all those generous hearts which love liberty and hate licentiousness, its most mortal enemy.—*Drapeau Blanc*.

*Torso of Apollo*.—A Parian marble torso of Apollo, in a very decayed condition, has lately been discovered in the ruins of the Temple of Diana, at Nismes. It is said that it will be shortly removed to the Paris Museum.—*New Times*.

*Plymouth*.—A gentleman landed from a vessel which put in here last week from stress of weather, bound to the Coast of Africa. This was the seventh attempt which the Gentleman had made to get to Africa, in every one of which he had been disappointed; and he declared on landing, that he never would make the experiment any more, and soon after left town to return home.

*Candia*.—By the foreign papers received yesterday, (Dec. 22,) it appears that Candia is in a general state of revolt, and that the Turks are driven into two fortresses by the insurgent Greeks. An Augsburg article contains the following very significant information:—"Letters from St. Petersburg state, that a Russian Agent, charged with an extraordinary mission, has been sent to the Shah of Persia."

*Greeks*.—The meeting in support of the Greeks is expected to take place about the 10th of next month. Several more subscriptions have been received.

*Late Spanish Ambassador*.—Mr. Gurney, in the late case of Harmer v. Frowde, mentioned the base conduct of the late Spanish Ambassador here,—the Duke San Carlos,—with much reluctance, because of his high rank as well as his absence. But when any man, whatever his condition, descends to the performance of acts of the foulest and most unmanly description—when (as the learned Counsel states) he first seduces and then abandons to poverty a poor young creature,—at a moment, too, when the peculiar situation of his victim, even in the breasts of strangers, called forth no ordinary feelings of compassion,—it becomes every man's duty, Mr. Gurney, to speak out plainly and boldly, in order that the public indignation may be directed against the criminal, be he Duke or peasant. This man of rank was the special Ambassador of King Ferdinand, and has doubtless assisted to edify the world with state papers about "social order and religion." Out upon such detestable hypocrites! who, by the way, are by no means all of Spanish growth. We have them here also, high and low, in office and out of office—and there are one or two, now pretty nearly ripe for exhibition, who may shortly cut no better figure before the public than this cold-blooded Spanish voluptuary.









*London, Dec. 25.*—Colonel Palmer, M. P. arrived in England from Russia on Thursday. The Colonel came in the same vessel as Colonel Ponsonby, with the remains of his departed Parent, the Countess of Besborough: also, Mr. Ruff, the King's Messenger, who performed his journey from St. Petersburg in twenty days, although the roads in many parts are nearly impassable.

Lord Melville, Sir George Cockburn, and Sir George Clerk, attend by Mr. Secretary Barrow, arrived at the George Inn, Portsmouth, on Monday evening last, from the Admiralty, and at ten o'clock the next morning they proceeded to the Dock-yard, and commenced a series of inquiries into all the various departments, with a view to make reduction therein. Their labours were continued the following day; and on Thursday morning they returned to the Admiralty. Nothing is known of the precise nature of the reductions contemplated, and which are soon to take place. Lord Melville, with his distinguished associates, dined with Admiral Sir James Hawkins Whitshed, K. C. B. at the Admiralty House, on both days. The captains of the Navy at the port, and Captain Tholobieff, of the Russian Navy, were present.—*Hampshire Telegraph.*

We are requested to state, from authority, that there is no truth in the paragraph which we copied on Friday, from a Morning Paper, stating that the Marquis Wellesley was detained at Richmond by an attack of the gout in the knee.—*Evening Paper.*

*Death of the Countess of Lisbourn.*—This amiable and highly respected Lady died on the 17th inst. at the Chateau of Epine, near Paris. The Countess had been unwell for some time, but not alarmingly so; her death was very sudden and unexpected; she had left this country about two months since, hoping to benefit by change of air. Her Ladyship was a daughter of the late Viscount Courtney.—*New Times.*

On the 12th of December, the remains of Mr. PERRY were interred in his family vault at Wimbledon Church. According to his Will the funeral was a private one, and only attended by his Executors, and two sons.

A Morning paper states that Mr. ALEXANDER BARING realised 120,000*l.* by transfers in French Stock in two years.

*The Greeks.*—We cannot help thinking that a worthy occasion is presented for the young men at the Universities and great Schools in Britain and Ireland, to form themselves into societies, binding themselves to subscribe a certain sum quarterly till the emancipation of the Greeks is accomplished. To this fund all the small schools where Greek or Latin is taught, and all persons friendly to the cause of the Greeks throughout the country, should be invited to contribute. By dividing burdens we lighten them; and the money raised on this extensive plan, which would never be felt by those who paid it, would furnish a most useful supply to the Greeks. But, independently of the money contributed, the very name of such an association would animate the Greeks, by showing the deep interest felt in their success. Their cause is the cause of scholars throughout the world. It is finely observed by Addison, that to be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please us, is the mark of a sordid spirit. We know not a more contemptible being than he, who while he thrills with emotion over the pages of Homer or Euripides, and sheds tears at the noble sentiments, the generous acts, or heroic achievements of Leonidas, Epaminondas, Aristides, Dion, or Xenophon, refuses a few shillings to support a cause to which these illustrious ancients would devote their lives were they now in existence, and over which their spirits will watch with anxious solicitude, if they are permitted to know what is doing on earth. To whom should the Greeks look for assistance, if not to those who study the literature, and cherish the spirit of their ancestors? If our Universities and great Schools turn a deaf ear to their appeal on this occasion, the world will certainly be entitled to believe with Cobbett, that classical literature deadens the heart and contracts the understanding. But humanity, no less than a love of letters, calls upon us to succour the Greeks. Shall we profess a horror at the murders of Robespierre! and think nothing of the more bloody massacres perpetrated in Constantinople, Salonica, and Smyrna, for the last two months, upon men whose only crime is that they are Christians?—*Scotsman.*

*London, Dec. 29.*—According to the latest accounts from Candia, the Greek insurgents had made incredible progress, and kept the Pacha and the Turkish authorities blockaded in the city of Candia. They had seized on the fort of Karabusa, one of the most important positions in the island. The Turks, who had hitherto received assistance from a division of the Ottoman fleet stationed in the neighbourhood, are in the most critical situation. The Greeks, who are animated by despair, are five times as numerous as they, and daily receive reinforcements by sea.

The most remarkable Ordinances of the Ecclesiastical Synod of the Morea are—

1. One to modify the rigour of the fasts for the whole time that the war for liberty shall continue.

2. One forbidding to consider as dishonoured, women who may have been ill-treated by the barbarians during the horrors of war, since, according to the usage of the Greek church, they must be looked upon as victims and martyrs for the liberty of the people.

An ordinance prescribing prayers for the Greeks, who, since the beginning of the holy war, have perished in all countries for this great cause. (The same Synod enjoins all the faithful to regard as a holy martyr the Patriarch who has been put to death, and to condemn the new one as impious, an intruder, and a heretic, and not to listen to or follow in any manner his pastoral instructions.)

*Nuyembergh, Dec. 15.*—(Extract from a Private Communication.)—The news which we receive to day from Russia is extraordinary and interesting.

In consequence of an order issued by the Cabinet, all the fortresses near the frontiers of Turkey are to be placed in a respectable state of defence; engineers have already arrived at Ismael, where they have had several works begun. The old works are repairing, and the outward fortifications will be considerably increased.

By virtue of an order from the Emperor, M. Foster, General in Chief of the Engineers, is making a tour to visit the fortresses, and to take such measures as circumstances require. A numerous corps of troops is to assemble near Caminiec, in Podalen, it will have a park of above 100 pieces of artillery, as well heavy cannon as field pieces.

Several regiments of foot have just arrived at Choczyn; they are to form a part of the garrison of that fortress.

General Yermaloff, the Commander in Chief, who was summoned to Laybach, and who was to have commanded the Russian troops which were intended to act in Italy, is going to resume his former post of Commander in Chief on the frontiers of Persia. It is said he will fix his head-quarters at Tiflis.

It is affirmed that it is intended to open a formal loan in favour of the Greeks, under a high guarantee.

*From the Maine, December 12.*—According to late accounts hatred to all Christians is said to have attained the highest pitch in the Barbary States, so that the Porte, in case it should be involved in war, may probably derive great support from them.

The invasion of the Persians is considered at Constantinople as a diversion contrived by a great European Power to favour the Greeks. This statement is designedly circulated to inflame the hatred and fanaticism of the Turks.

A report was spread at Corfu that the Lord High Commissioner would be recalled, and be succeeded by Lord William Bentinck, and that under him General Oswald would command, who took St. Maura from the French in 1812.

The fortresses on the Danube are full of Asiatic troops. There have been many executions in Servia, because connexions have been discovered between the Servians and the neighbouring Macedonians.

*Greek Congress.*—It is said in accounts from Frankfort, that the Greek Congress at Tripolizza intend to proclaim a Federative Republic, having at its head as President, Prince DEMETRIUS YPSILANTI. Six States, it is added, are to form the Republic, namely, the Morea, Livadia, Thessaly, Macedonia, Epirus, and the Islands.

London, Jan. 3, 1822.—Letters from Constantinople were received yesterday by the regular mail, dated the 26th of November. One of them states, that the only remaining point of difference between Turkey and Russia relates to the surrender of Prince Suzzo and other persons who took refuge in Russia in the early part of the insurrection in Walchia and Moldavia. The Turkish Government contend, that having on their part fulfilled the former treaties, and acquiesced in the new stipulations proposed by Russia, they have a right to demand of Russia herself the observance of former treaties; referring particularly to an article in the treaty of Kainardgi, by which it is stipulated that offenders against the Government of either country shall be given up. On this point the Sultan is said to be inflexible.

Whatever the fabricators of frightful intelligence in the south of Ireland may think, we can assure them that it is quite needless to heap artificial *reclat* on their miserable countrymen, by imputing to them atrocities which they never have committed.

We rejoice to say that the account transmitted through the medium of the Journals received on Tuesday last, describing the destruction of a whole family at Charleville by fire, turns out to be a scandalous falsehood. It is true, says the DUBLIN MORNING POST, that a letter to the effect first stated was sent in the name of a respectable Magistrate to Mr. O'Brien, one of the Coroners of the county of Cork, requesting his presence on the scene of the alleged massacre, to hold the necessary inquests; but that on Mr. O'Brien's arrival at the spot, the letter turned out to be a forgery, and the tale a mischievous and malignant fabrication.

Madrid, Dec. 17.—The crisis of the fate of the Ministry has arrived, in consequence of the Cortes having approved, with some modifications, the Report of the Committee appointed to consider the events of Cadiz and Seville.

The Committee meets this evening for the purpose of drawing up an address to the Throne, conformable to the report. The members of the Committee are divided. Some wish that the address should request the Government to propose to the Cortes energetic measures for preventing the return of the evil, while others are desirous that no suggestion of this kind should be made. Be this as it may, as soon as the address shall be presented to the Cortes, there will arise, on this point, a discussion in which the *Moderates* batter themselves, and I think with reason, that they will have the advantage. On this question they will have the more weight, as the Ministry may now be regarded as overthrown, and the greater part of them have voted against it. They are thus more at liberty to urge the necessity of repressive measures.

In the division on the report of the Committee, every one voted according to his particular opinion, and not with his party. It will not be so on the question of the address; for then all the *Moderates* will concur in supporting a proposition for energetic measures. These measures, I am persuaded, will chiefly relate to the bringing to trial the authorities of Seville and Cadiz, to the abuse of the liberty of the press, and the abuse of the right of petition.

But it is still possible that the address may not be presented. This will happen, if the King should, in the mean time, determine to dismiss three or four of his Ministers; and this measure, it is reported, is in contemplation. Should this course be adopted, two or three members of the Administration would continue in office. If, however, the address be presented to the King, it is probable that all the Ministers will share the same fate.

But these considerations are of secondary interest. The important point is, that the King does not attempt to separate himself from the Cortes, and does not endeavour to support his Ministers in opposition to the wishes of the people. On this point every one appears satisfied, and there is no doubt that a part at least of the Ministry will be dismissed.

The business will be decided at farthest within two days, but the best proof that no apprehension prevails on this score is, that we are in a state of perfect tranquillity. Not the slightest symptom of agitation is observable. You may judge from this what credit is due to the alarming news circulated at Paris.

The letters from Andalusia are highly satisfactory. Those from Seville state, that the decision of the Cortes is waited for in that city, and that it will be obeyed, whatever it may be. There has not yet been sufficient time for returning an answer to the despatches which were forwarded with the first declaration of the Cortes.

The accounts from Cordova announce the most perfect tranquillity, which completely contradicts all the rumours circulated respecting that city.

Smyrna.—On the 14th of November, the European Consuls resident at Smyrna addressed a note to the Pasha on the subject of the assassinations committed in that city, in which they say—"For a whole month murders have recommenced in the quarter of the Franks, notwithstanding the positive orders of the Grand Seigneur. Those murders, which are committed on the Greeks, are generally perpetrated under the eyes of the Europeans, threaten their personal safety, terrify their families, suspend commercial operations, and when heard of in our countries, put a stop to that trade which enriches the Ottoman States. Europeans no longer dare entrust their property to a city where every individual enjoys the rights of life and death—that terrible and supreme right, which only belongs to the Sovereign, and which may only be exercised by his representatives." It adds, "violence has been encouraged by impunity, and public disorders have increased every day. They are become intolerable." Hassan Pasha, in his answer to the Consuls, informs them that he will lay their note before the public authorities of the city, and that he did not doubt but proper measures would be adopted to restore order.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW; or, Critical Journal; being No. LXXI. Contents:—Article 1. Sir G. Mackenzie's Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II. 2. Foreign Slave Trade. 3. Bowdler's Family Shakspeare. 4. Madame de Stael. 5. The Greek Orators. 6. Mr. Scarlett's Poor Bill. 7. Persecutions of the Protestants. 8. Craven's Tour in South Italy. 9. Nomination of Scottish Juries. 10. Stewart's Introduction to the Encyclopædia.—*Times*.

Among the Parisian rumours is a new version of the GRAND SEIGNIOR's decapitation. As the first report which stated it to have taken place on the 26th of November was found to be incorrect, they have put it forward two days, and now say it was on the 28th.

Some uneasiness was felt at Paris on account of a political dispute among the Students of one of the Colleges near Paris. The party in favour of the present Administration were, however, much superior in numbers, and ultimately triumphant.

In consequence of the late storms and inundations of rains, several coaches returned on Sunday to Piccadilly, and unloaded passengers and luggage. In Oxfordshire and Worcestershire, boats are passing over hedges. One of the northern coachmen said, "nothing could equal the roaring of the torrents on Thursday night."

Sign.—Over the door of a house at Crickdale, in Wilts, is the following:—"Shoes mended according to the latest and most approved method. Drowned Persons, on Application, immediately restored, so as to prevent the Complaint ever returning.—N. B. The Person must not be dead."

Fox Club.—We understand the Fox Club will hold their first meeting for the season on the 10 instant (January) at Greillon's Hotel, Albemarle-street.—*New Times*.

Coaches.—The Duke of Buckingham was the first who ventured on six horses, which created at the time great scandal, and was looked upon as a proof of the "mastering spirit" of the favourite. "The stout Earl of Northumberland," who had been in the Tower ever since the Gunpowder Plot, "when he got loose thought, if Buckingham had six, he might have eight in his coach, with which he rode through the city of London, to the vulgar talk and admiration."



## The Pirate.

By the Author of *Waverley*. Edin. 1822. 3 vols. A. Constable and Co.

The day of criticism, on the productions of which the *Pirate* will form a part about the time that this sheet meets the public eye, is past; and Popularity, in the widest acceptation of the word, has appropriated all that has issued or shall issue from the same source, beyond either the eulogy of admirers or the cavils of censors. We are thus agreeably relieved from the obligation of remark, and left at liberty to begin at once with these volumes, which, we rely on our means and diligence, will be first made generally known through the medium of the *LITERARY GAZETTE*.

An advertisement prefixed to the work states, that the story is founded on the following facts:—

"In the month of January 1724-5, a vessel, called the *REVENGE*, bearing twenty large guns, and six smaller, commanded by John Gow or Goffe, or Smith, came to the Orkney Islands, and was discovered to be a pirate, by various acts of insolence and villainy committed by the crew. These were for some time submitted to the inhabitants of these remote islands not possessing arms nor means of resistance; and so bold was the Captain of these banditti, that he not only came ashore, and gave dancing parties in the village of Stromness, but, before his real character was discovered, engaged the affections and received the troth-plight of a young lady, possessed of some property. A patriotic individual, James Fea, younger of Clestron, formed the plan of securing the buccaneer, which he effected by a mixture of courage and address, in consequence chiefly of Gow's vessel having gone on shore near the harbour of Calfsound, on the Island of Eda, not far distant from a house then inhabited by Mr. Fea. In the various stratagems by which Mr. Fea contrived finally, at the peril of his life, they being well armed and desperate, to make the whole pirates his prisoners, he was much aided by Mr. James Laing, the grand-father of the late Malcolm Laing, Esq. the acute and ingenious historian of Scotland during the 17th century. Gow, and others of his crew, suffered by sentence of the High Court of Admiralty, the punishment their crimes had long deserved. He conducted himself with great audacity when before the Court; and from an account of the matter, by an eye-witness, seems to have been subjected to some unusual severities, in order to compel him to plead. The words are these: 'John Gow would not plead, for which he was brought to the bar, and the Judge ordered that his thumbs should be squeezed by two men, with a whip-cord, till it did break; and then it should be doubled, till it did again break, and then laid threefold, and that the executioners should pull with their whole strength; which sentence Gow endured with a great deal of boldness.' The next morning (27th May, 1725,) when he had seen the preparations for pressing him to death, his courage gave way, and he told the Marshal of Court, that he would not have given so much trouble, had he been assured of not being hanged in chains. He was then tried, condemned, and executed with others of his crew."

It is said, that the lady whose affections Gow has engaged, went up to London to see him before his death, and that, arriving too late, she had the courage to request a sight of his dead body; and then touching the hand of the corpse, she formally resumed the troth-plight which she had bestowed. Without going through this ceremony, she could not, according to the superstition of the country, have escaped a visit from the ghost of her departed lover, in the event of her bestowing upon any living suitor, the faith which she had plighted to the dead. This part of the legend may serve as a curious commentary on the beautiful tale of the fine Scottish ballad, which begins,

'There came a ghost to Margaret's door,' &c.

The common account of this incident farther bears, that Mr. Fea, the spirited individual, by whose exertions Gow's career of iniquity was cut short, was so far from receiving any reward from Government, that he could not obtain even countenance enough to protect him against a variety of sham suits, raised against him by Newgate solicitors, who acted in the name of Gow, and others of the pirate crew; and the various expenses, vexatious prosecutions, and other legal consequences, in which his gallantry involved him, utterly ruined his fortune and his family; making his memory a notable example to all who shall in future take pirates on their own authority."

Such is the basis on which the author of *Waverley* has built his *Pirate* story; embellishing it with all the charms which his prolific fancy offered, enriching it with all the stores which his intelligent mind suggested from nature and life, and throwing a strong, glowing and origi-

\* Depending on wind and tide, it is not improbable that the packet-load of *Pirates* may be delayed till Monday, and thus our copy by the mail will have enabled us to give our readers a more peculiar foretaste of pleasure.—Ed.

nal interest over it, by the invocation of a potent machinery founded on Schadinavian mythology and the legends of the ancient Norse Sagas. In the last particular, the chiefest novelty of the *Pirate* consists; and we look soon to hear the gossiping world as familiar with the names of the Scalds, "Udaller," "Fowde," "Jarlishof," &c. &c. as they have been with Northern provincialisms and the Scottish dialect.

The scene is laid in the largest island of Thule, called the Mainland of Zetland, and towards the conclusion changes to Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney.

On Sumburgh Head, the south-east promontory of the Mainland, at the close of the 17th century, stood a ruined mansion but partly inhabitable;—it was called Jarlishof, having been in former times the residence of a Norwegian Earl of Orkney, and now belonged to Magnus Troil, a descendant from the Norse lords of these isles, proud of his ancestry, and holding the Scotch intruders in dislike, if not in contempt. Magans, in consequence of his birth, is held in high estimation by the natives, still attached to their Scandinavian progenitors and their customs; and, as the representative of former independence, is styled the Udaller, or the Fowd of Burgh-Westra, for that is the name of his own abode, situated about twenty miles from Jarlishof, in a more sheltered and productive quarter of the island. The Udaller is a character responsive to his lineage; frank, choleric, liberal, convivial, rude, and hospitable. To him all strangers are welcome, and his ever-open house upholds the honours of his race for generosity to the unfriended, and kindness to the unknown. Of the latter description is Mr. Basil Mertoun, a person above the middle age, who had arrived at the Mainland in a Dutch vessel, and settled in that wild region, himself as separate from the usual east of civilization. He has fortune enough for his wants, and might be or rich or poor for aught the Zetlanders can learn from the repulsive intercourse of a taciturn and gloomy misanthrope. He is accompanied by his son, Mordaunt, a handsome boy of fourteen; and both are frequent guests at the house of Magnus Troil, where the father's fits of despondency are overlooked, and the son's lively disposition renders him the loved companion of Minna and Brenda, the two daughters of the jolly Udaller.

During one of his visits to Burgh-Westra, Mertoun proposes himself as a tenant for Jarlishof, and, after a characteristic treaty, is accepted. Established here, he indulges in all the woodiness of his soul: his "dark hours," as they are rightly called, are undisturbed by his sole domestic, Swartha, an aged female; or by his son, who has discovered that his presence only increases the malady, and, therefore, while these periods of abstraction last, pursues his own course, and becomes the best dancer, sportsman, skipper, harrier of bird's nests,—a deserved and universal favourite on the Mainland of Zetland. His imagination is naturally inflamed by the romantic traditions and heroic tales which have pervaded this remote region, from Odin and Thor to his own era; and if his understanding (zealously cultivated by his father, though he never seems to have loved the boy) rejects the superstitious creed so firmly believed by those around him, he is so far impressed with the mystic and supernatural as to give a tinge to his thoughts and a tone to his actions, differing from those of more cultivated association.

This feature of his mind is also prominent in that of Minna, the eldest daughter of the Udaller, of whom, and of her sister Brenda (the one about 18, and the other 17, when Mordaunt was 20 years of age,) we have this finely contrasted portraiture:—

"The mother of these maidens had been a Scottish lady from the Highlands of Sutherland, the orphan of a noble chief, who, driven from his own country during the feuds of the seventeenth century, had found shelter in those peaceful islands, which, amidst poverty and seclusion, were thus far happy, that they remained untroubled by discord, and unstained by civil broil. The father (his name was St. Clair,) pined for his native glen, his feudal tower, his clansmen, and his fallen authority, and died not long after his arrival in Zetland. The beauty of his orphan daughter, despite her Scottish lineage, melted the stout heart of Magnus Troil. He sued and was listened to, and she became his bride; but dying in the fifth year of their union, left him to mourn his brief period of domestic happiness.

From her mother, Minna inherited the stately form and dark eyes, the raven locks and finely pencilled brows, which shewed she was, on one side at least, a stranger to the blood of Thule. Her cheek,

O call it fair, not pale,

was so slightly and delicately tinged with the rose, that many thought the lily had an undue proportion in her complexion. But in that predominance of the paler flower, there was nothing sickly or languid; it was the true natural complexion of health, and corresponded in a peculiar degree with features which seemed calculated to express a contemplative and high-minded character. When Minna Troil heard a tale of woe or of injustice, it was then her blood rushed to her cheeks, and shewed plainly how warm it beat, notwithstanding the generally serious, composed, and retiring disposition, which her counte-



gance and demeanour seemed to exhibit. If strangers sometimes conceived that these fine features were clouded by melancholy, for which her age and situation could scarce have given occasion, they were soon satisfied, upon further acquaintance, that the placid, mild quietude of her disposition, and the mental energy of a character which was but little interested in ordinary and trivial occurrences, was the real cause of her gravity, and most men, when they knew that her melancholy had no ground in real sorrow, and was only the aspiration of a soul bent on more important objects, than those by which she was surrounded, might have wished her whatever could add to her happiness, but could scarce have desired that, graceful as she was in her natural and unaffected seriousness, she should change that deportment for one more gay. In short, notwithstanding our wish to have avoided that hackneyed simile of an angel, we cannot avoid saying there was something in the serious beauty of her aspect, in the measured yet graceful ease of her motions, in the music of her voice, and the serene purity of her eye, that seemed as if Minna Troil belonged naturally to some higher and better sphere, and was only the chance visitant of a world that was scarce worthy of her.

"The scarcely less beautiful, equally lovely, and equally innocent Brenda, was of a complexion as differing from her sister, as they differed in character, taste, and expression. Her profuse locks were of that paly brown which receives from the passing sun-beam a tinge of gold, but darkens again when the ray has passed from it. Her eye, her mouth, the beautiful row of teeth, which in her innocent vivacity, were frequently disclosed; the fresh, yet not too bright glow of a healthy complexion, tinged a skin like the drifted snow, spoke her genuine Scandinavian descent. A fairy form, less tall than that of Minna, but even more finely moulded into symmetry—a careless, and almost childish lightness of step—an eye that seemed to look one every object with pleasure, from a natural and serene cheerfulness of disposition, attracted even more general admiration than the charms of her sister, though perhaps that which Minna did excite, might be of a more intense as well as more reverential character.

"The dispositions of these lovely sisters were not less different than their complexions. In the kindly affections, neither could be said to excel the other, so much were they attached to their father and to each other. But the cheerfulness of Brenda mixed itself with the everyday business of life, and seemed inexhaustible in its profusion. The less buoyant spirit of her sister, appeared to bring to society a contented wish to be interested and pleased with what was going forward, but was rather placidly carried along with the stream of mirth and pleasure, than disposed to aid its progress by any efforts of her own. She endured mirth rather than enjoyed it; and the pleasures in which she most delighted, were those of a graver and more solitary cast."

Mordaunt's affection for the fine Enthusiast and lovely Blonde, is that of a brother, without a preference; while the idle rumour of the island runs that he may marry whichever of the sisters he chooses to select.

Thus stands the opening narrative, when we are introduced to new and more comic personages in Triptolemus Yellowley and his sister Barbara, abbreviated *Baby*, which we advise English readers to pronounce with a very broad *a*, as *Bääby*, not as *mamma* would her pretty baby. The Yellowleys are so naively drawn that we must copy the family picture:—

"Old Jasper Yellowley, the father of Triptolemus, (though born at the foot of Roseberry-Topping) had been *come over* by a certain noble Scottish Earl, who, proving too far north for canny Yorkshire, had persuaded him to accept of a farm in the Mearns, where, it is unnecessary to add, that he found matters very different from what he expected. It was in vain that the stont farmer set manfully to work, to counterbalance, by superior skill, the inconveniences arising from a cold soil and a weeping climate. These might have been probably overcome, but his neighbourhood to the Grampians exposed him eternally to that species of visitation from the plaided gentry who dwelled within their skirts, which made young Norway a warrior and a hero, but only converted Jasper Yellowley into a poor man. This was, indeed, balanced in some sort by the impression which his ruddy cheek and robust form had the fortune to make upon Miss Barbara Clinksale, daughter to the unquihle, and sister to the then-existing Clinksale of that ilk.

"This was thought a horrid and unnatural union in the neighbourhood, considering that the house of Clinksale had at least as great a share of Scottish pride as of Scottish parsimony and were amply endowed with both. But Miss Babie had her handsome fortune of two thousand marks at her own disposal, was a woman of spirit who had been major and *sui juris*, (as the writer who drew the contract assured her,) for full twenty years; so she set consequences, and commentaries alike at defiance, and wedded the hearty Yorkshire yeoman. Her brother and her more wealthy kinsmen drew off in disgust, and almost disowned their degraded relative. But the house of Clinksale was allied (like every other family in Scotland at the time) to a set of relations who were not so nice—tenth and sixteenth cousins, who not only acknowledged their

kinswoman Babie after her marriage with Yellowley, but even condescended to eat beans and bacon (though the latter was then the abomination of the Scots as much as of the Jews) with her husband, and would willingly have cemented the friendship by borrowing a little cash from him, had not his good lady (who understood trap as well as any woman in the Mearns) put a negative on this advance to intimacy. Indeed she knew how to make young Deibelick, old Donald Baresword, the Laird of Bandybrawl, and others, pay for the hospitality which she did not think proper to deny them, by rendering them useful in her negotiations with the light-handed lads beyond the Cairn, who, finding their late object of plunder was now allied to "kendfolds, and owed by them at kirk and market," became satisfied, on a moderate yearly composition, to desist from their depredations.

"This eminent success reconciled Jasper to the dominion which his wife began to assume over him; and which was much confirmed by her proving to be—let me see—what is the prettiest mode of expressing it?—in the family way. On this occasion, Mrs. Yellowley had a remarkable dream, as is the usual practice of teeming mothers previous to the birth of an illustrious offspring. She "was a-dreamed," as her husband expressed it, that she was safely delivered of a plough, drawn by three yoke of Angus-shire oxen; and being a mighty investigator into such portents, she state herself down with her gossip, to consider what the thing might mean. Honest Jasper ventured, with much hesitation, to intimate his own opinion, that the vision had reference rather to things past than things present, and might have been occasioned by his wife's nerves having been a little startled by meeting in the loan above the house his own great plough with the six oxen, which were the pride of his heart. But the good cummers raised such a hue and cry against this exposition, that Jasper was fain to put his fingers in his ears, and to run out of the apartment.

"'Hear to him,' said an old whigamore carline—hear to him, wi' his owen, that are as an idol to him, even as the calf of Bethel! Na, na, its nae plough of the flesh that the bonnie lad bairn—for a lad it shall be—shall e'er striddle between the stilts o'—its the plough of the spirit—and I trust myself to see him wag the head o' him in a pu'pit; or, at the warst, on a hill-side'.

"I do not know whether it was impatience to give to the light a being destined to such high and doubtful fates, or whether poor Dame Yellowley was rather frightened at the hurly-burly which had taken place in her presence, but she was taken suddenly ill; and, contrary to the formula in such cases used and provided, was soon reported to be 'a good deal worse than was to be expected.' She took the opportunity (having still all her wits about her) to extract from her sympathetic husband two promises; first, that he would christen the child, whose birth was like to cost her so dear, by a name indicative of the vision with which she had been favoured; and next, that he would educate him for the ministry. The canny Yorkshireman, thinking she had a good title at present to dictate in such matters, subscribed to all she required. A man-child was accordingly born under these conditions, but the state of the mother did not permit her for many days to inquire how far they had been complied with. When she was in some degree convalescent, she was informed, that as it was thought fit the child should be immediately christened, it had received the name of Triptolemus; the Curate, who was a man of some classical skill, conceiving that this epithet contained a handsome and classical allusion to the visionary plough, with its triple yoke of oxen. Mrs. Yellowley was not much delighted with the manner in which her request had been complied with; but grumbling being to as little purpose as in the celebrated case of Tristram Shandy, she e'en sat down contented with the heathenish name, and endeavoured to counteract the effects it might produce upon the taste and feelings of the nominee, by such an education as might put him above the slightest thought of sacks, coulter, stilts, mould-boards, or any thing connected with the servile drudgery of the plough.

"Jasper, sage Yorkshireman, smiled slyly in his sleeve, conceiving that young Trippie was likely to prove a chip of the old block, and would rather take after the jolly Yorkshire yeoman, than the gentle but somewhat *sigre* blood of the house of Clinksale. He remarked, with suppressed glee, that the tune which best answered the purpose of a lullaby was the 'ploughman's whistle,' and the first words the infant learned to stammer were the names of the oxen; moreover, that the 'been' preferred home-brewed ale to Scotch twopenny, and never quitted hold of the tankard with so much reluctance as when there had been, by some manoeuvre of Jasper's own device, a double draught of malt allowed to the brewing, above that which was sanctioned by the most liberal recipe, of which his dame's household thrift admitted. Besides this, when no other means could be fallen upon to divert an occasional fit of squalling, his father observed, that Trip could be always silenced by jingling a bridle at his ear. From all which symptoms, he used to swear in private, that, the boy would prove true Yorkshire, and mother and mother's kin would have small share of him.

"Meanwhile, and within a year after the birth of Triptolemus, Mrs. Yellowley bore a daughter, named after herself Barbara, who, even in earliest infancy, exhibited the pinched nose and thin lips by which the Clinkscales family were distinguished amongst the inhabitants of the Mearns; and as her childhood advanced, the the readiness with which she seized, and the tenacity wherewith she detained, the playthings of Triptolemus, besides a desire to bite, pinch, and scratch, on slight or no provocation, were all considered by attentive observers as proofs that Miss Baby would prove "her mother over again." Malignant people did not stick to say, that the acrimony of the Clinkscales blood had not on this occasion been cooled and sweetened by that of old England; young Delibellicket was much about the house, and they could not but think it odd that Mrs. Yellowley, who, as the whole world knew, gave nothing for nothing, should be so uncommonly attentive to heap the trencher, and to fill the eamp, of an idle blackguard ne'er-do-weel. But when folks had once looked upon the anstere and awfully virtuous countenance of Mrs. Yellowley, they did full justice to her propriety of conduct, and Delibellicket's delicacy of taste."

Triptolemus is sent to Saint Andrew's to be educated; but the vision of the plough predominates, and his fate is decisively to be a great agriculturist and improver. He hated all the Classics but those who treated of rural affairs, such as Virgil in his Georgics, Cato de re rustica, and, of later authors, Columella, Tusser, Hartlib, and similar worthies.

On the death of his mother, his masterpassion is gratified, and he is recalled from college to assist his father in the farm:—

"And here (says the author with humorous satire) it might have been supposed that our Triptolemus, summoned to carry into practice what he had so fondly studied in theory, must have been, to use a simile which he would have thought lively, like a cow entering upon a clover park. Alas, mistaken thoughts, and deceitful hopes of mankind!

"A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads inevitably to the most awkward mistakes. 'For, how often do we see,' the orator pathetically concluded,—'how often, I say, do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole?' This new illustration of the vagaries of fortune set every one present into convulsions of laughter, excepting one fat alderman, who seemed to make the case his own, and insisted that it was no jesting matter. To take up the simile, however, which is an excellent one, it is plain that Triptolemus Yellowley had been shaken out of the bag at least a hundred years too soon. If he had come on the stage in our own time, that is, if he had flourished at any time within these thirty or forty years, he could not have missed to have held the office of vice-president of some eminent agricultural society, and to have transacted all the business thereof under the auspices of some noble duke or lord, who, as the matter might happen, either knew, or did not know, the difference betwixt a horse and a cart, and a cart-horse. He could not have missed such preferment, for he was exceedingly learned in all those particulars, which, being of no consequence in actual practice, go of course a great way to constitute the character of a connoisseur in any art, but especially in agriculture. But, alas! Triptolemus Yellowley had, as we already have hinted, come into the world at least a century too soon; for, instead of sitting in an arm-chair, with a hammer in his hand, and a bumper of port before him, giving forth the toast,—'To breeding, in all its branches,' his father planted him betwixt the stils of a plough, and invited him to guide the oxen, on whose beauties he would, in our day, have descanted, and whose rumps he would not have goaded, but have carved. Old Jasper complained, that although no one talked so well of common and several, wheat and rape, fallow and lea, as his learned son, (whom he always called Tolimus,) yet, 'dang it,' added the Seneca, 'nought thrives wi' un—nought thrives wi' un.' It was still worse, when Jasper, becoming frail and ancient, was obliged, as happened in the course of a few years, gradually to yield up the reins of government to the academical neophyte.

"As if Nature had meant him a spite, he had got one of the *dourest* and most untractable farms on the Mearns, to try conclusions withal, a place which seemed to yield every thing but what the agriculturist wanted; for there were plenty of thistles, which indicates dry land; and store of tern, which is said to intimate deep land; and nettles, which shew where lime hath been applied; and deep furrows in the most unlikely spots, which intimated that it had been cultivated in former days by the Peghts, as popular tradition bore. There was also plenty of stones to keep the ground warm, according to the creed of some farmers, and great abundance of springs to render it cool and sappy, according to the theory of others. It was in vain that, acting alternately on these opinions, poor Triptolemus endeavoured to avail himself of the supposed capabilities of the soil. No kind of butter that might be churned could be made to stick upon his own bread, any more than on that of poor Tusser, whose Hundred Points of Good Husbandry, so useful to others of his day, were never to himself worth as many pennies.

"In fact, excepting an hundred acres of infield, to which old Jasper had early seen the necessity of limiting his labours, there was not a corner of the farm fit for any thing but to break ploughgraith, and kill cattle. And then, as for the part which was really tilled with some profit, the expence of the farming establishment of Triptolemus, and his disposition to experiment, soon got rid of any good arising from the cultivation of it. 'The carles and the cart-avers,' he confessed, with a sigh, speaking of his farm-servants and horses, 'make it all, and the carles and cart-avers eat it all;' a conclusion which might sum up the year-book of many a gentleman-farmer.

"Matters would have soon been brought to a close with Triptolemus in the present day. He would have got a bank-credit manœuvred with wind-bills, dashed out upon a large scale, and soon have seen his crop and stock sequestrated by the Sheriff; but in those days a man could not ruin himself so easily. The whole Scottish tenantry stood upon the same level flat of poverty, so that it was extremely difficult to find any vantage ground, by climbing up to which a man might have an opportunity of actually breaking his neck with some eclat. They were pretty much in the situation of people, who being totally without credit, may indeed suffer from indigence, but cannot possibly become bankrupt. Besides, notwithstanding the failure of Triptolemus's projects, there was to be balanced against the expenditure which they occasioned, all the savings which the extreme economy of his sister Barbara could effect; and in truth her exertions were wonderful. She might have realized, if any one could, the idea of the learned philosopher, who pronounced that sleeping was a fancy, and eating but a habit, and who appeared to the world to have renounced both, until it was unhappily discovered that he had an intrigue with the cook-maid of the family, who indemnified him for his privations by giving him private entree to the larder, and to a share of her own couch. But no such deceptions were practised by Barbara Yellowley. She was up early, and down late, and seemed, to her over-watched and over-tasked maidens, to be as *wakerife* as the cat herself. Then, for eating, it appeared that the air was a banquet to her, and she would fain have made it so to her retinue. Her brother, who besides being lazy in his person, was somewhat luxurious in his appetite, would willingly now and then have tasted a mouthful of animal food, were it but to know how his sheep were fed off; but a proposal to eat a child could not have startled Mistress Barbara more; and, being of a compliant and easy disposition, Triptolemus reconciled himself to the necessity of a perpetual Lent, too happy when he could get a scrap of butter to his oaten cake, or (as they lived on the banks of the Eske) escape the daily necessity of eating salmon, whether in or out of season, six days out of the seven.

"But although Mrs. Barbara brought faithfully to the joint stock all savings which her awful powers of economy accomplished to scrape together, and although the dower of their mother was by degrees expended, or nearly so, in aiding them upon extreme occasions, the term at length approached when it seemed impossible that they could sustain the conflict any longer against the evil star of Triptolemus, as he called it himself, or the natural result of his absurd speculations, as it was termed by others. Luckily at this sad crisis a god jumped down to their relief out of a machine. In plain English, the noble lord, who owned their farm, arrived at his mansion-house in their neighbourhood, with his coach and six and his running footmen, in the full splendour of the seventeenth century."

By this nobleman, who happens to hold the office of royal Chamberlain of the Orkneys and Shetland, and is like Triptolemus, himself a great experimentalist in his way, the latter is appointed his factor, to reside in Zetland, and carry agricultural improvement into the barren soil of those storm-swept and treeless isles. He accordingly establishes himself and Baby at the farm of Stawburgh, or Harfra, which lies in the dreary track between Burgh-Westra and Jarlshof; determined to introduce new ploughs, new breeds of cattle, and innovations of every kind. Into this abode Mordant, returning home from a visit to the Udaller, is driven by a storm of that peculiar dread which is not uncommon in these tempestuous latitudes:—

He "had not advanced three hours upon his journey, before the wind, which had been so deadly still in the morning, began at first to wail and sigh, as if bemoaning beforehand the evils which it might perpetrate in its fury, like a madman in the gloomy state of dejection which precedes his fit of violence; then gradually increasing, the gale howled, raged, and roared, with the full fury of a northern storm. It was accompanied by showers of rain mixed with hail, which were dashed with the most unrelenting rage against the hills and rocks with which the traveller was surrounded, distracting his attention, in spite of his uttermost exertions, and rendering it very difficult for him to keep the direction of his journey in a country where is neither road, nor even the slightest track to direct the steps of the wanderer, and where he is often interrupted by large pools of water, lakes, and lagoons. All these inland waters were now lashed into sheets of tumbling foam, much of which, carried off by the fury of the whirlwind, was mingled with the gale, and transported far from the



waves of which they had lately made a part; while the salt relish of the drift which was pelted against his face, shewed Mordaunt that the spray of the more distant ocean, disturbed to frenzy by the storm, was mingled with that of the inland lakes and streams.

Amidst this hideous combustion of the element, Mordaunt Mertoun struggled forward as one to whom such elemental war was familiar, and who regarded the exertions which it required to withstand its fury, but as a mark of resolution and manhood. He felt even, as happens usually to those who endure great hardships, that the exertion necessary to subdue them, is in itself a kind of elevating triumph. To see and distinguish his path when the cattle were driven from the hill, and the verry fowls from the firmament, was but the stronger proof of his own superiority. "They shall not hear of me at Burgh-Westra," said he to himself, "as they heard of old doited Ringau Ewenson's boat, that foundered betwixt road-stead and key. I am more of a cragsman than to mind fire or water, wave by sea, or quagmire by land."

His reception by the Yellowleys is whimsically described; whose terrors, parsimony, and selfish humanity, however, and in affording him a rather unwilling shelter, and boiling a salted goose for his dinner. The table is just prepared for this repast, when another unwelcome stranger enters, namely, Bryce Snaelsfoot, a pedlar or Jagger, whose appearance almost entirely overthrows the patience of the penurious Baby; and her utter discomfiture ensues, when a third intruder enters, in the shape of *Norna of the Fitful-Head*—the most striking and important personage in all the drama. It will not be easy for us to convey an adequate idea of this admirably drawn character; for so much depends on the nice shades between insanity, actual power, superstition, reality, and delusion, that what might appear inconsistent in a sketch or part, is possible, nay feasible, in the view of the extraordinary whole. With this guard, in justice to the author, we present the (shall we say) heroine:—

"What new trampster is this?" echoed the distracted Baby, whom the quick succession of guests had driven well nigh crazy with vexation. "I'll soon settle her wandering, I sail warrant, if my brother has but the soul of a man in him, or if there be a pair of jongs at Scalloway."

"The iron was never forged on stithy that would haul her," said the old maid servant. "She comes—she comes—God's sake speak her fair and canny, or we will have a revelled haap on the yarn-windles."

"As she spoke, a woman tall enough almost to touch the top of the door with her cap, stepped into the room, signing the cross as she entered, and pronouncing, with a solemn voice, 'The blessing of God and Saint Ronald on the open door, and their braid malison and mine upon close-handed churls!'

"And wha are ye, that are so bauld wi' your blessing and banning in other folks' houses? What kind of country is this, that folks cannot sit quiet for an hour, and serve heaven, and keep their bit gear the gither, without gangrel men and women coming thiggling and sorning ane after another, like a string of wild-geese?"

"This speech, the understanding reader will easily saddle on Mistress Baby, and what effects it might have produced on the last stranger, can only be matter of conjecture; for the old servant and Mordaunt applied themselves at once to the party addressed, in order to deprecate her resentment; the former speaking to her some words of Norse, in a tone of intercession, and Mordaunt saying in English, 'They are strangers, Norna, and know not your name or qualities; they are unacquainted, too, with the ways of this country, and therefore we must hold them excused for their lack of hospitality.'

"I lack no hospitality, young man," said Triptolemus, '*miseris succurrere disco*—the goose that was destined to roost in the chimney till Michaelmas is boiling in the pot for you; but if we had twenty geese, I see we are like to find mouths to eat them every feather—this must be amended.'

"What must be amended, sordid slave?" said the stranger Norna, turning at once upon him with an emphasis that made him start. "What must be amended? Bring hither, if thou wilt, thy now, fangled coulthers, spades and barrows, alter the implements of our fathers from ploughshare to the mouse-trap; but know thou art in the land that was won of old by the flaxen-haired Kempions of the North, and leave us their hospitality at least, to show we come of what was once noble and generous. I say to you beware—while Norna looks forth at the measureless waters, from the crest of Fitfulhead, something is yet left that resembles power of defence. If the men of Thule have ceased to be champions, and to spread the banquet for the raven, the women have not forgotten the arts that lifted them of yore into queens and prophetesses."

"The woman who pronounced this singular tirade, was as striking in appearance as extravagantly lofty in her pretensions and in her language. She might well have represented on the stage, so far as features, voice, and stature were concerned, the Bonduca or Boadicea of the Bri-

toms, or the sage Velleda, Aurinia, or any other fated Pythoness, who ever led to battle a tribe of the ancient Goths. Her features were high and well formed, and would have been handsome but for the ravages of time, and the effects of exposure to the severe weather of her country. Age, and perhaps sorrow, had quenched, in some degree, the fire of a dark blue eye, whose hue almost approached to black, and had sprinkled snow on such part of her tresses as had escaped from under her cap, and were dishevelled by the rigour of the storm. Her upper garment, which dropped with water, was of a coarse dark-coloured stuff, called Wadmaral, then much used in the Zetland island, as also in Iceland and Norway. But as she threw this cloak back from her shoulders, a short jacket, of dark blue velvet, stamped with figures, became visible, and the vest, which corresponded to it, was of crimson colour, and embroidered with tarnished silver. Her girdle was plaited with silver ornaments, cut into the shape of planetary signs—her blue apron was embroidered with similar devices, and covered a petticoat of crimson cloth. Strong thick enduring shoes, of the half-dressed leather of the country, were tied with straps like those of the Roman buskins, over her scarlet stockings. She wore in her belt, an ambiguous looking weapon, which might pass for a sacrificing knife or dagger, as the imagination of the spectator chose to assign to the wearer the character of a priestess or of a sorceress. In her hand she held a staff, squared on all sides, and engraved with Runic characters and figures, forming one of those portable and perpetual calendars which were used among the ancient natives of Scandinavia, and which, to a superstitious eye, might have passed for a divining rod.

"Such were the appearance, features, and attire of Norna of the Fitful-head, upon whom many of the inhabitants of the island looked with obsequiousness, many with fear, and almost all with a sort of veneration."

"Among those who were supposed to be in league with disembodied spirits, this Norna, descended from, and representative of a family which had long pretended to such gifts, was so eminent, that the name assigned to her, which signifies one of those fatal sisters who weave the web of human fate, and been conferred in honor of her supernatural powers. The name by which she had been actually christened was carefully concealed by herself and her parents; for the discovery they superstitiously annexed some fatal consequences. In these times, the doubt only occurred whether her supposed powers were acquired by lawful means. In our days, it would have been questioned whether she was an impostor, or whether her imagination was so deeply impressed with the mysteries of her supposed art, that she might be in some degree a believer in her own pretensions to supernatural knowledge. Certain it is, that she performed her part with such undoubting confidence, and such striking dignity of look and action, and evinced, at the same time, such strength of language, and such energy of purpose, that it would have been difficult for the greatest sceptic to have doubted the reality of her enthusiasm, though he might smile at the pretensions to which it gave rise."

This singular being had shown a marked predilection for Mordaunt, and hung round his neck a runic chain of fairy gold. Before leaving Yellowley's, she predicts a wreck from the storm, which she exhibits her power by allaying with incantations, and then departs, bidding Mordaunt speed home to Jarlishof, with which injunction he complies. On the ensuing day, Mertoun and his son ascend the promontory.

A dismayed vessel, apparently deserted by her crew, is seen drifting in the *roost*, or rapid stream, which runs against the Head, which she approaches, and is dashed in pieces. One man, clinging to a spar, emerges from the wreck, and Mordaunt gallantly saves his life. In this scene, Snaelsfoot, Norna, and the natives all eager for plunder, are conspicuously engaged: the single survivor from the furious element proves to be Captain Cleveland, the Pirate, a bold, free, young and handsome man, of a brave nature, and not unpleasing address. From Jarlishof he goes to Burgh-Westra, where his reception is warm and hospitable. Here he obtains a firm footing, and Mordaunt's star declines as his ascends. This galls the ingenuous Youth, who is stung almost to madness, by the report brought to him by Snaelsfoot of the estimation in which the Captain is held, and of preparations for observing the festival of St. John, where he is to lead the revels instead of the once favoured Mordaunt. This temperament is excellently painted; he wanders forth to a voe or lake, and

"Without taking any determined aim—without having any determined purpose—without almost thinking what he was about, Mordaunt presented his fowling-piece, and fired across the lake. The large swan-shot dimpled its surface like a partial shower of hail—the hills took up the noise of the report, and repeated it again, and again, and again, to all their echoes; the water-fowl took to wing in eddying and confused wheel, answering the echoes with a thousand varying screams, from the deep note of the swabie or swartback, to the querulous cry of the titrackle and kittiewake."



## LITERATURE.

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"Mordaunt looked for a moment on the clamorous crowd with a feeling of resentment, which he felt disposed at the moment to apply to all nature, and all her objects, animate or inanimate, however little concerned with the cause of his internal mortification.

"Ay, ay," he said, "wheel, dive, scream, and clamour as you will, and all because you have seen a strange sight, and heard an unusual sound. There is many a one like you in this round world. But you, at least, shall learn," he added, as he re-loaded his gun, "that strange sights and strange sounds, ay, and strange acquaintances to boot, have sometimes a little shade of danger connected with them.—But why should I wreak my own vexation on these harmless sea-gulls?" He subjoined, after a moment's pause; "they have nothing to do with the friends that have forgotten me.—I loved them all so well,—and to be so soon given up for the first stranger whom chance threw on the coast!"

Here the strange and unearthly Norna breaks suddenly upon his musings; and at her instigation, with a hint that his early friends are in danger, he goes to the feast uninvited, and is coldly received by Magnus and his daughters. Among the company assembled on this festive occasion, are Mr. and Miss Yellowley, Lady Gloworum and two nieces, and Cland Halero, a good natured Zetland poet, musician, &c. who has strolled in the great world, London, and met with the wits of the age, including Dryden, or "glorious John," as he calls this idol of his worship, but is now the owner of one of his native rocky islets. Halero's is a playfully drawn character, not very Oracidian, as he carries into retirement with him the inveterate habits of a confirmed proser: holding the buttons of his varied auditors, and eternally repeating the same anecdotes with the most minute and tedious digressions. When he could pounce on a patient listener, he is delineated with amusing truth. For instance, with Mordaunt, the listless spectator of the drinking bout, at the feast we have mentioned. In low spirits as Mordaunt was,

"... he was the more meet prey for the story-telling Halero, who had fixed upon him, as in a favourable state to play the part of listener, with something of the same instinct that directs the hooded crow to the sick sheep, which will most patiently suffer itself to be made a prey of. Joyfully did the poet avail himself of the advantages afforded by Mordaunt's absence of mind, and unwillingness to exert himself in measures of active defence. With the unflinching dexterity peculiar to posers, he contrived to dribble out his tale to double its usual length, by the exercise of the privilege of unlimited digressions; so that the story, like a horse on the *grand pas*, seemed to be advancing with rapidity, while, in reality, it scarce was progressive at the rate of a yard in the quarter of an hour. At length, however, he had discussed, in all its various bearings and relations, the history of his friendly landlord, the master-fashoner in Russell-street, including a short sketch of five of his relations, and anecdotes of three of his principal rivals, together with some general observations upon the dress and fashion of the period; and having marched thus far through the environs and outworks of his story, he arrived at the body of the place—"

The revels at Westra, masques, balls, &c. are faithfully portrayed; and a *Pirate Hunt*, which accidentally constitutes a part of the amusements, enables Cleveland to acquit his obligation to Mordaunt by saving his life. The enmity between these parties breaks out on every opportunity, and is only restrained from open outrage by the influence of Brenda over her old friend, whom she trusts with the secret of her sister's love for Cleveland, and becomes the single object of his attachment. In the midst of the festival, the Jagger brings accounts of the arrival of a ship at Kirkwall, which turns out to be the consort of the Pirate's last vessel. This news and concurrent circumstances lead to much agitation. The sisters, sleeping together, are disturbed by boding dreams—Minna of a melancholy cave and mermaid prophecy; Brenda of endeavouring to sing a lively song, which she can only execute in the harsh notes of the Reim-kennar, Norna. They start, and find the latter not purely imaginary, for Norna herself is trimming her lamp in the chamber, and muttering discordant sounds. With many fearful rites she unfolds her mysterious history to the appalled daughters of Troil, whose near relation she is, the daughter of their grandfather's brother. A heated enthusiast when young, and nurtured in the firmest belief of Norwegian Dwargs and Scaldic supernatural agencies, she is rapt in an ideal creation. A storm which assails her at the *Dwarfie Stone*, a strange relic of Celtic superstition in the Isle of Hoy, produces so strong an effect on her brain, that, in a vision or trance, she meets *Trollid the Dwarf*, who pronounces her doom to be, "to receive her life's giver of the gift which he gave"—and thenceforward to have authority to control the elements. This monstrous prediction is confirmed by her accidentally destroying her father, in exclaiming to a forbidden lover; and she becomes the wild being described in the *Pirate*, fancying herself the most wretched and the most potent of human creatures. An interesting example of this and of the manners of the age is given in an account of her acting the *Volpisa*, or answers of questioner, in a kind of runic sort, played in sport by the visitors at Westra, but which is turned from jest to gloom by her reply to Norna's inquiry.

"Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast  
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;  
So pure, so free from earthy dye,  
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,  
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;  
But passion, like the wild March rain,  
May soil the wreath with many a stain.  
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—  
A torrent fills the bed of stone,  
That hurrying to destruction's shock,  
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock."

Disturbed by this response, Minna cannot rest; and while her innocent sister reposes on her neck, she is serenaded by Cleveland, who has taken leave and is to depart for Kirkwall by day-break to ascertain the situation of his old companions. His music is interrupted by Mordaunt's voice; an altercation, a struggle, a groan, are heard by poor Minna. She rushes to the window, and sees one man bear off another; she leaps to the ground, and desperately attempts to follow them, but encounters Halero, the poet, and is obliged to return to her sleepless pillow. In the morning her foot and ankle are red with blood, but a deluge has swept every trace of what caused the stain from the dewy and glistening grass. From this period Mordaunt is missed, and Minna is as distraught as her relative Norna. An inquiry for the lost youth is set on foot; and, supposing that Norna may be able to furnish some clue to the mystery, even the athymian Mertoun is stirred to seek her at St. Ninian's, or St. Ringan's ruined church. Of this place the description is truly *Waverleyan*:—

"After the church of Saint Ninian's had been denounced as a seat of idolatry, and desecrated of course, the public worship was transferred to another church; and the roof, with its lead and its rafters, having been stripped from the little rude old Gothic building, it was left in the wilderness to the mercy of the elements. The fury of the uncontrolled winds, which howled along an exposed space of shifting sands, (for the soil resembled that which we have described at Jarlshoff,) very soon choked up nave and aisle; and on the north-west side, which was chiefly exposed to the wind, hid the outside walls more than half way upwards with mounds of drifted sand, over which the gable-ends of the building, with the little bellcove, which was built above its nave, arose in ragged and shattered nakedness of ruin.

"Yet, deserted as it was, the Kirk of Saint Ringan's still retained some semblance of the ancient homage formerly rendered there. The rude and ignorant fishermen of Dunrossness observed a practice, of which they themselves had well nigh forgot the origin, and from which the Protestant Clergy in vain endeavoured to deter them.—Where their boats were in extreme peril, it was common amongst them to propose to vow an *annuous* as they termed it, that is, an alms, to Saint Ringan; and when the danger was over, they never failed to absolve themselves of their vow, by coming singly and secretly to the old church, and putting off their shoes and stockings at the entrance of the church-yard, walking thrice around the ruins, observing that they did so in the course of the sun. When the circuit was accomplished for the third time, the votary dropped his offering, usually a small silver coin, through the mullions of a lanceolated window, which opened into a side aisle, and then retired, avoiding carefully to look behind him till he was beyond the precincts which had once been hallowed ground; for it was believed that the skeleton of the saint received the offering in his bony hand, and shewed his ghastly death's head at the window into which it was thrown.

Indeed, the scene was rendered more appalling to weak and ignorant minds, because the same stormy and eddying winds which, on the one side of the church, threatened to bury the ruins with sand, and had, in fact, heaped it up in huge quantities, so as almost to hide the side-wall with its buttresses, seemed bent on uncovering the graves of those who had been laid to their long rest on the south-eastern quarter; and, after an unusually hard gale, the coffins, and sometimes the very corpses, of those who had been interred without the usual ceremonies, were discovered, in a ghastly manner, to the eyes of the living."

Here Mertoun found the Reim-kennar employed on an unholy spell; taking a portion of the sheeted lead from the corpse of her great progenitor Ribolt Troil, a hero of the 15th century, during which she sings a striking incantation.

In answer to his questions, Mertoun is mysteriously told to go to a certain spot at Kirkwall on the fifth day of the Fair; and when he requires further proof to induce him to obey such behest, Norna whispers a word in his ear, which produces an effect almost magical.

A shift of the canvas restores us to the Troils, and we see Magnus conducting his adored daughters to visit Norna at her dwelling on Fitful Head; his object to obtain through her skill the restoration of Minna's health. This journey, and its circumstances, are replete with incident, but our limits forbid dilation. The singular abode of the Pythoness is a picture by Salvator—her door is opened by one of the favourites of our author, an unseemly dumb dwarf, half goblin, half human;—

"As he spoke the door opened, and displayed, to the alarm of Brenda, and the surprise of Minna herself, a square-made dwarf, about four feet five inches high, with a head of most portentous size, and features correspondent—namely, a huge mouth, a tremendous nose, with large black nostrils, which seemed to have slit upwards, blubber lips of an unconscionable size, and huge wall eyes, with which he leered, sneered, grinned, and goggled on the Udaller as an old acquaintance, without uttering a single word. The young women could hardly persuade themselves that they did not see before their eyes the very demon Trollid, who made such a distinguished figure in Norna's legend."

A new scene of apparently magical incantation takes place; but the result is that Minna is wonderfully restored. This, though not understood by her friends, arises from an initiation that Mertoun is not slain, and from assurances which afford hope to the disconsolate girl. For the preservation of these rites, as pertaining to Scottish antiquities, the author makes some sort of apology; and in doing so, drops, perhaps too much of the fictions to agree with the general illusion and verisimilitude of his story. It had been better in a note. But to resume:—

Norna will not suffer her visitors to profane her roof by eating food or remaining during the night, and they are driven forth to a cheerless journey homewards. Their adventures, in which Triptolemus and Halcro are brought to bear a part, are entertaining, and forward the denouement. The lamentations of the former, in a tête-à-tête, are ludicrously droll:—

"Maister Magnus Troil," said Triptolemus when a second cup had given him spirits to tell his tale of woe. "I would not have you think that it is a little thing that disturbs me. I came of that grain that takes a sair wind to shake it. I have seen many a Martinmas and many a Whitsunday in my day, while are the times peculiarly grievous to those of me craft, and I could aye bide the bang; but I think I am like to be dung over a' thegither in this damned country of your's—Gude forgie me for swearing—but evil communication corrupteth good manners."

"Now, Heaven guide us," said the Udaller, "what is the matter with the man? Why, man, if you will put your plough into new land, you must look to have it hank on a stone now and then—You must set us an example of patience, seeing you come here for our improvement."

"And the de'il was on my feet when I did so," said the Factor; "I had better have set myself to improve the cairn on Clochnaban."

"But what is it, after all," said the Udaller, "that has befallen you?—what is it that you complain of?"

"O' every thing that has chanced to me since I landed on this Island, which I believe was accursed at the very creation," said the agriculturist, "and assigned as a fitting station for sorners, thieves, whores, (I beg the ladies' pardon,) witches, bitches, and evil spirits."

"By my faith, a goodly catalogue," said Magnus; "and there has been the day, that if I had heard you give out the half of it, I should have turned improver myself, and have tried to amend your manners with a cudgel."

"Bear with me," said the Factor, "Master Fowde, or Master Udaller, or whatever else they may call you, and as you are strong be pitiful, and consider the luckless lot of any inexperienced person who lights upon this earthly paradise of yours. He asks for drink, they bring him sour whey—no disparagement to your brandy, Fowde, which is excellent—You ask for meat, and they bring you sour fish that Satan might choke upon—You call your labourers together and bid them work; it proves Saint Magous's day, or Saint Ronan's day, or some infernal saint or other—or else, perhaps, they have come over the bed with the wrong foot foremost, or they have seen an owl, or a rabbit has crossed them, or they have dreamed of a roasted horse\*—in short, nothing is to be done—

\* Another of Yellowley's griefs is elsewhere laughably told in the disaster of his nine Beehives.

"Thrive!" replied Triptolemus; "they thrive like every thing else in this country, and that is the backward way."

"Want of care, I suppose," said Cleveland.

"The contrary, sir, quite and clean the contrary," replied the Factor; "they died of our muckle care, like Lucky Christie's chickens—I asked to see the skeps, and cunning and joyful did the fallow took who was to have taken care of them—'Had there been one body in charge but myself,' he said, 'ye might have seen the skeps, or whatever you ca' them; but there wad hae been as mony solan-geese as flees in them, if it had nae been for my four quarters; for I watched them so closely, that I saw them a' creeping out at the little holes one sunny morning, and if I had not stopped the leak on the instant with a bit clay, the de'il a bee, of flee, or whatever they are, would have been left in the skeps, as ye ca' them!'—In a word, sir, he had clagged up the hives, as if the puir things had had the pestilence, and my bees were as dead as if they had been smeaked—and so ends my hope, *generandi gloria mellis*, as Virgilius hath it."

Give them a spade, and they work as if it burned their fingers; but set them to dancing, and see when they will tire of \* \* \* and flinging."

The conclusion of certain consultations is, that all the parties shall go to the fair of Kirkwall, and thither the action is transported. There we find Cleveland resolute to turn from his evil ways, and abandon his wicked associates; but his destiny is shaped otherwise, by slight though uncontrollable events. A squabble with Snaelsfoot, whom he discovers selling his property, causes him to be apprehended; he is rescued and borne triumphantly aboard by his lawless crew. The characters of these bloody ruffians are vigorously touched. They agree with the frightened magistrates of Kirkwall to have their vessel, victualled at Stromness, and immediately to quit the coast. Cleveland is left hostage for the pirates, and Triptolemus is to be their security, but he escapes as they carry him to the boat. To remedy this, they seize a pinnace entering the harbour, which happens to be that in which the worthy Udaller, his daughters, and Halcro, are coming to the Fair. Their situation is most precarious and painful; but Halcro, in Lieut. Bunce, a friend of Cleveland's, recognizes an old strolling acquaintance, and through his means is put on shore with Minna and Brenda, to treat for an exchange between Magnus and the Pirate. This, however, the magistrates deny; and the latter, a prisoner in the ruined cathedral, is represented as musing bitterly on his fate:—

"Here walked Cleveland, musing over the events of a mis-spent life, which it seemed probable might be brought to a violent and shameful close, while he was yet in the prime of youth. 'With these dead,' he said, looking on the pavement, 'will I soon be numbered—but no holy man will speak a blessing—no friendly hand register an inscription—no proud descendant sculpture armorial bearings over the grave of the pirate Cleveland. My whitening bones will swing in the gibbet-irons on some wild beach or lonely cape, that will be esteemed fatal and accursed for my sake. The old-mariner, as he passes the sound, will shake his head, and tell of my name and actions as a warning to his younger comrades.—But Minna!—Minna!—what will be thy thoughts when the news reaches thee?—Would to God the tidings were drowned in the deepest whirlpool betwixt Kirkwall and Burgh-Westra ere they came to her ear!—and O, would to Heaven that we had never met, since we never can meet again!"

"He lifted up his eyes as he spoke, and Minna Troil stood before him."

She has heroically come to bid him farewell for ever, but to aid him to escape. Their interview is a fine one; but Norna again appears mysteriously, and easily releases the captive, denouncing woes upon his head if he does not relinquish Minna, and fly without delay never to return again. To favour this arrangement, the sloop is expeditiously supplied with all she wants, and may sail, if her commander wills it, before the Halcyon frigate, of the approach of which intelligence is received, can intercept her voyage. But Cleveland resolves to see the adored Minna once more; and his Lieut. Bunce, contrives a plot to carry both off, in the conviction that, like the end of a comedy, it will make all concerned happy. This design fails, and the boat's crew who were to effect it are killed or taken; among the latter are Cleveland and the unlucky schemer of the dramatic rape. While this takes place on shore, the Pirate sloop is attacked at sea by the Halcyon and captured, after an ineffectual attempt to blow up both ships. The prisoners are all marched into Kirkwall; Cleveland generally commiserated. Norna and Mertoun meet at the appointed spot; an eclairsissement ensues, and it is learnt that he is the partner of her youthful error; that Cleveland is the fruit of their Norse union, and that Mordaunt, whom Norna had fancied to be her son, and therefore so busied herself with his destiny, is the son of Mertoun, or rather Vaughan, by a Spanish wife.

In London the younger Vaughan is pardoned on account of his humanity in saving some distinguished persons in the power of the buccaneers—and going abroad in his country's service dies a glorious death. His father retires to a foreign convent. Norna dies in a few years. Brenda is happily united to Mordaunt; and Minna enjoys a state of comparative happiness in fulfilling the purest duties of benevolence and humanity.

We have no space, were it necessary, to add our comments. How much the Pirate will be liked, in comparison with his brethren from the same pen, will depend on all those varieties of taste which have preferred Waverley to Rob Roy, Kennilworth to Guy Mannering, Old Mortality to Ivanhoe, and so of all the others. It will occur that Norna is a superior cast of Meg Merrilies, Triptolemus a variety of the Dominie Samson species, Nick Schrumper a goblin page, Minna a relative of the Flora M'Ivors and Annot Lyles; and that other resemblances betray the sameness of the origin of these delightful works. But Magnus and Halcro and Baby, and Snaelsfoot and the Zetlanders, generally, are new and vivid creations. The hand of a master is prominent throughout;



and in beautiful reflections, noble landscapes, accurate delineations of character, the Pirate may well be bound up with his admired precursors.\*

[In order not to interfere too much with our analysis of the Pirate, we have abstained from quoting much of the sweet poetry with which it is interspersed, but not to disappoint our readers, we have selected the chief compositions as a delightful little Appendix to the Review.]

*Song of the Reim-Kennar, to allay a tempest.*

"Stern eagle of the far north-west,  
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,  
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to madness,  
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer of navies,  
Amidst the scream of thy rage,  
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,  
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a perishing nation,  
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar of ten thousand waves,  
Yet here, in thine ire and thy haste,  
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar,

"Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,  
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their uprooted stems;  
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,  
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,  
And she has struck to thee the top-sail,  
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada  
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest among the clouds,  
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former days,  
And the cope-stone of the turret  
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth;  
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of clouds,  
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar

"There are verses that can stop the stag in the forest,  
Ay, and when the dark coloured dog is opening on his track;  
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause on the wing,  
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the jesses,  
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler;  
Thou canst mock at the scream of the drowning mariner,  
And the crash of the ravaged forest,  
And the groan of the overwhelmed crowds,  
When the church hath fallen in the moment of prayer,  
There are sounds which thou also must list,  
When they are chaunted by the voice of the Reim-kennar.

"Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,  
The widows wring their hands on the beach;  
Enough of woe has thou wrought on the land,  
The husbandman folds his arm in despair;  
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,  
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength;  
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,  
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armoury of Odin;  
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the north-western heaven,  
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

"Eagle of the far north-western waters,  
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,  
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,  
And folded them in peace by thy side.  
My blessing be on thy retiring path;  
When thou stoapest from thy place on high,  
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the unknown ocean,  
Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee;  
Eagle of the north west, thou hast heard the voice of the Reimkennar."

*Farewell to Northmaven: by Halero.*

"Farewell to Northmaven,  
Grey Hillswicke, farewell!  
To the calms of the haven,  
The storms on thy fell—  
To each breeze that can vary  
The mood of thy main,  
And to thee, bonny Mary!  
We meet not again.

"Farewell the wild ferry,  
Which Hacon could brave,  
When the peaks of the Skerry  
Were white in the wave.

\* There is one nasty word, page 50, vol. III. which, without being fastidious, we wish were altered; a little more of cant language, than is usual with this Author; and a droll typographical blunder, p. 70, vol. II. which makes it appear that one toothpick served a numerous Zetland company.

There's a maid may look over  
These wild waves in vain,  
For the skiff of her lover—  
He comes not again.

"The vows thou hast broke,  
On the wild currents fling them;  
On the quicksand and rock  
Let the mermaid sing them.  
New sweetness they'll give her  
Bewildered strain;  
But there's one who will never  
Believe them again.

"O were there an island,  
Though ever so wild,  
Where woman could smile, and  
No man be beguiled—  
Too tempting a snare  
To poor mortals were given,  
And the hope would fix there,  
That should anchor on heaven."

*The Song of Harold Harfagen.*

"The sun is rising dimly red,  
The wind is wailing low and dread;  
From his cliff the eagle sallies,  
Leaves the wolf his darksome vallies;  
In the mist the ravens hover,  
Peep the wild dogs from the cover,  
Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,  
Each in his wild accents telling,  
'Soon we feast on dead and dying,  
Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying.'

Many a crest on air is streaming,  
Many a helmet darkly gleaming  
Many an arm the axe uprears,  
Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.  
All along the crowded ranks,  
Horses neigh and armour clanks;  
Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,  
Louder still the bard is singing,  
'Gather footmen, gather horsemen,  
To the field ye valiant Norsemen!

'Halt ye not for food or slumber,  
View not vantage, count not number;  
Jolly reapers, forward still,  
Grow the crop on vale or hill,  
Thick of scatter'd stiff or lithe,  
It shall down before the scythe.  
Forward with your sickles bright,  
Reap the harvest of the fight—  
Onward footmen, onward horsemen,  
To the charge ye gallant Norsemen!

'Fatal chuser of the slaughter,  
O'er yon hovers Odin's daughter;  
Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—  
Victory, and wealth, and glory;  
Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,  
Her ever-circling mead and ale,  
Where for eternity unite  
The joys of wassail and of fight.  
Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,  
Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen!'

*Serenade.*

"Love wakes and weeps  
While Beauty sleeps!  
O for Music's softest numbers,  
To prompt a theme,  
For Beauty's dream,  
Soft as the pillow of her slumbers.

"Through groves of palm  
Sigh gales of balm,  
Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;  
While through the gloom  
Comes soft perfume,  
The distant beds of flowers revealing.

"O wake and live,  
No dream can give  
A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;  
No longer sleep,  
From little peep,  
And list the tale that Love is telling."



## Shipping Intelligence.

The *MELLISH* left Portsmouth on the 4th of January, before which period His Majesty's Sloop *TEES*, the Ships *DAVID SCOTT*, *WILLIAM FAIRLIE*, and *BELLE ALLIANCE*, had sailed for India.

On the 8th of March, in latitude 39° 35' S. and longitude 13° 00' E. the *DUKE OF LANCASTER* spoke the Ship *BELLE ALLIANCE*, from London, bound to Madras and Calcutta.

On the 18th of March, in latitude 37° 30' S. and longitude 39° 00' E. the *DUKE OF LANCASTER* spoke the Ship *DUKE OF YORK*, from London the 5th of January, bound to Bombay.

The Ship *APOLLO*, which had been detained in London from the beginning of November to the end of December, by Law Proceedings, had been liberated to pursue her voyage; but on her way to the Downs, unfortunately went ashore on the Margate Sands, where she was on the 2nd of January; but with the hope of being got off.

The *MORLEY*, Captain Brown, from this port, arrived in Liverpool on the 19th of November; and the *DOROTHY*, Hargraves, from Malta and India, on the 21st of December.

The Letters from the *JULIANA*, Captain Ogilvie, from this port, were landed at Deal on the 21st of December, before she was wrecked.—The *INDIA GAZETTE EXTRA* says, "We rejoice to understand that the Wife of the Captain and Passengers aboard the *JULIANA* had, most providentially for them, been put on shore before the ship was blown off the coast."

On the 12th of December, a Court of Directors was held at the East India House when the following ships were taken up in addition to those already engaged for the Company's service; viz. *MARCHIONESS OF ELY*, 952 Tons; *PRINCE REGENT*, 953 Tons; *ASIA*, 958 Tons; and *GENERAL HEWITT*, 698 Tons.

The destination of the Honorable Company's Ship *LONDON*, has been altered from China directed to Madras and China; to be afloat on the 23rd of January, and be in the Downs on the 14th of March.

On the 19th of December, a Court of Directors was held at the East India House, when the following Captains were sworn into the command of their respective ships: viz. Captain F. Adams, *BOCKINGHAMSHIRE*, for Bombay and China; Captain R. Clifford, *LADY MELVILLE*, to China direct.

The following Commanders took leave of the Court. Captain Hamilton, *DUNRA*; Captain A. H. Campbell, *DUKE OF YORK*; and Captain J. Shepherd, *BERWICKSHIRE*, for Bombay and China.

Two vessels are fitting out at Woolwich, by orders of Government, which it is intended shall shortly sail for the Gulf of Persia, on a Survey.

*Yarmouth*.—Sunday morning early, (Dec. 23) during a dreadful gale from the W. N. W. a fine new East Indiaman, called the *EAST INDIAN*, Thomas Knill, Captain, from Hull for London and the East Indies, with part of her cargo, consisting of bar and flint stones, and logwood, drove from three anchors, and struck upon the Kettle-bottom Sand, opposite the town of Yarmouth, when she immediately filled, and is become a total wreck. The crew, twenty in number, fortunately saved themselves in their boat, and got on board a fishing vessel in the roads, losing the greater part of their clothes. Part of her stores are expected to be saved.

*Deal*, Dec. 28.—Wind S. S. E.—It has blown a tremendous gale of wind from the S. S. E. great part of the day, and still continues. A ship and brig arrived from the westward; the brig went to Ramsgate harbour, and the ship brought up in the Downs, supposed to be the *CALADONIA* from Bengal. Most of the ships in the Downs have drove much, although riding with two anchors down, and top-gallant-masts and yards struck, particularly the *WILLIAM FAIRLIE*, Indiaman, and the *COROMANDEL*, American ship.

*Portsmouth*, Dec. 28.—Wind S.—It has blown hard all day from the S. E. and S. and no communication has been had with the ships. The *ELLEN*, Barton, and *BELLE ALLIANCE*, Rolfe, have drove, but the whole of the vessels appear to be riding in safety.

*London*, Dec. 29.—Yesterday a Court of Directors was held at the East India House when the undermentioned Captains were sworn into the command of their respective ships, viz: Captain John Banket Sotheby, *LONDON*, Madras and China; Capt. Henry Andrew Drummond, *CASTLE HUNTLY*, Bombay and China.

*Loss of an East Indiaman*.—Accounts were yesterday received of the loss of the *JULIANA* East Indiaman. It is stated, that on Sunday she was blown out of the Margate Roads, and wrecked on the Kentish Knock. It is added, but we would vain hope through some misinformation, that the whole of the crew perished, with the exception of only two men. The Captain Ogilvie, and his two brothers, are said, with a number of others, to have placed themselves on a raft, but to have been washed away in their attempt to reach the shore. The *JULIANA*, we understand, was a country ship, teak built, burthen between five and six hundred tons.

*New England Coffee-House*, 12 o'clock.—The *JULIANA* East Indiaman, Captain Ogilvie, is lost on Kentish Knock, and we are sorry to say that the whole of the crew have perished, excepting two persons. The Captain and his two brothers are among the sufferers; they had made a raft, and numbers ventured on it, but in attempting to gain the shore, they were all washed off.

*Lloyd's*, Dec. 28.—The *JULIANA* Captain Ogilvie, whose arrival from India in the Downs was announced about ten days ago, was on the morning of the 23d instant blown out of Margate Roads, and melancholy to relate, it was this morning posted at Lloyd's, that there is strong reason to suppose she has been lost on the Kentish Knock, and only two men saved.

*Margate*.—The *JULIANA*, Captain Ogilvie, left Bengal the latter end of July, and had a fair run to the Downs, at which place she put her mail-bags ashore yesterday week, the 21st; and a short time after, Mrs. Ogilvie, the wife of the Captain, was landed. The ship brought up on Sunday in Margate Roads; but the weather being very tempestuous, she drove, and lost one, if not two, anchors. A fishing-boat spoke them, and promised to send off an anchor and cable, which was duly performed; but, owing to the state of the tide, this valuable assistance could not depart before the evening, and their utmost exertions could not enable them to find the *JULIANA*.

It appears from the accounts furnished by the surviving part of the crew, that the ship struck upon the Kentish Knock, when it was thought expedient to cut away all three masts, which was effected and the vessel floated again. The sea running mountains high, and the wind raging at the time, the boats were lowered, and all hopes of saving the ship abandoned. At this moment, when all hands were preparing to leave her, a heavy swell tore away the boats from the ship's side; in this forlorn state a raft was determined upon, which after much labour was completed, when, by another very heavy swell of the sea, it was actually capsized. Despair, if ever it found a place in the breast of an English seaman, might at this moment reasonably be supposed to enter; but to hasten the catastrophe, the insatiable element quickly swallowed up nearly the whole of this ill-fated crew, poor Captain Ogilvie amongst them; and only three or four have got on shore at Margate, to communicate the dreadful tidings. The above will be found substantially correct. We have been enabled to collect the following additional particulars of this lamentable catastrophe. The *JULIANA* had arrived opposite Margate, when a sudden swell of the sea drove her with irresistible violence from off land, and after being exposed for several hours to the violence of the storm, she was cast upon the Kentish Knock. This was on the evening of the 24th inst. The first thing she lost was her rudder. The distressing situation of the crew during the night passes description; all hands were employed at the pump, but the water yet increased upon them, and every moment they expected the ship to go to pieces. Captain Ogilvie, unwilling to quit her till the last remnant of hope was exhausted, prevailed upon his men to continue their exertions, and it was not till the afternoon of Christmas day that they resolved to abandon her, and endeavour to save their lives. They then hoisted on the long boat, into which all who could were taken, and the rest got upon a raft. After the unfortunate beings, thirty seven in number, had thus left the ship, the Captain imagined that he yet saw some hope of saving part of her cargo, by waiting till the morning; and as there was no immediate danger of the ship going down, actuated by an ardent desire to promote the interests of his employers, and reluctant to abandon his post, he unfortunately persuaded the crew again to return to a scene from which so few were ever to escape. They did so, and lashed the boat and raft to the ship. During this night their sufferings were beyond description; the sea ran mountains high, the water continued to gain upon them, and they were obliged to remain upon the deck, exposed to all the horrible inclemency of the weather. When every hope of saving any particle of the effects was lost, and every moment added to their danger, the Captain gave orders to seek safety in the boat; and notwithstanding the intense darkness of the night, all were instantly in motion. Before however the unavoidable preparations were completed, a most violent sea broke upon them, and shivered the boat into pieces. Nothing could now exceed the consternation, and despair of the unfortunate victims; but it was of short continuance, for soon after the vessel itself was struck, and immediately sunk. In the dreadful scene that ensued, six of the men only were able to find the raft, and they by that means avoided the immediate fate of their wretched companions. Such however had been the privations they had endured, and such the dreadful inclemency of the night, that four out of the remaining six perished before the morning, and the other two, when quite exhausted, were picked up by a fishing boat, and they only have escaped to tell the dreadful tale. These men have reached London. The only passengers on board were Miss Heriot, daughter to Lieutenant Heriot, of the Bengal establishment, and her female attendant. This interesting child was coming to England for her education, and the Captain was to have delivered her to the care of her grandfather who resides at Chelsea.

—*New Times*, Dec. 31.

# ASIATIC DEPARTMENT.

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## Native Papers.

Contents of the *SUNSHED COWMOODY*, No. XXIV.

1.—A Farewell Address to the readers of this Paper, by Hurrihar Dutt, the former Editor.—2—Address of Gobindchunder Kongar, the present Editor.—3—Appointment of Lord Wellesley as Governor over Ireland.—4—Mr. Canning expected to be appointed Governor General in Bengal, at the latter end of December last.—5—Marquis of Hastings's application to the Court of Directors, to be allowed to resign.—6—Advertisement.—7—Ditto.—8—Death of a Moosulman of the name of Habil, by gun-powder.—9—A Chinese bit by a shark in the river Ganges.—10—A woman of forty-five years of age married to a boy of only thirteen.—11—A robbery at Bansbarya near Hoogley.—12—A reply to the Editor of the *SAMMOCHAR CHUNDRIKA*, for publishing in his Paper the death of the *COWMOODY*.—13—Of a person's poisoning himself.—14—Of Poranchundro Mookhopodhyee (who had some time before run away with a large sum of money from the treasury of Moorshedabad) being arrested and a transmitted to the Collector of Moorshedabad.—15—A person fatally hurt by a fall from the terrace of a house.—16—Of Monohor Doss's Thank in Chowringhy.—17—The Editor of the *SUMMOCHAR CHUNDRIKA*'s having had the misfortune to lose the senses of sight and hearing.

## Trial of Mr. Hayes.

OBSERVATIONS OF THE EDITOR OF THE *MIRAT-OO-LUKHBAR*.

Translated for the *Calcutta Journal*.

After hearing the evidence of the witnesses adduced on both sides, in this case, the Jury brought in a verdict of not guilty. It is not my intention to defend Mr. John Hayes, Judge of Tipperah, if accused of having violated the principles of Justice and the Regulations of Government by inflicting corporal punishment upon the deceased, without any regular judicial proceedings, or hearing evidence, or receiving his confession; but I beg of the liberal Public, that before they pronounce their judgment on this subject, they will enquire into the conduct of the late Partab Narayan towards his weaker neighbours, which in my opinion was sufficient to rouse the indignation of the Magistrate, who is made answerable before God, and to his fellow-creatures, for oppressions committed against helpless individuals, that are placed under his charge; and enough to excite the compassion of travellers, who happened to be witnesses of that Zameendar's mode of treating his inferiors. The most the Public can say, after such enquiry, is, that Mr. Hayes acted rashly and under the influence of passion.

It is very difficult for the Executive Government to establish such Rules and Regulations for the Officers of Police, and the people under them, that the former cannot exceed the powers vested in them, nor the latter be deficient in perfect obedience. In case Government should not give any discretionary power to the Magistrate in some particular cases, it is probable that many who are restrained from tyranny only by the dread of the Magistrate, may be guilty of outrages, and above all, disobedience, and practise oppression upon others. On the contrary, in case Government should entrust their Police Officers with unlimited authority in certain cases when necessity requires, there is a chance of their sometimes deviating from the paths of Justice, from their not being able to distinguish actual necessity from cases where there is no such necessity; or from irritation of mind, or other considerations. In either case there is a probability of mischief, and of the objects of Government being defeated.

But as in the former case (i. e. of Magistrates not being vested with unlimited power in any circumstances) there would be great depredations, such as theft and robbery, and many other abuses, as well as sometimes the overthrow of Government itself; therefore, it is necessary that the local Magistrates should be vested with more efficient authority for carrying the orders of Government into execution, and likewise for preventing the powerful from tyrannising over the weak. But there is no remedy whatever for the abuse which is noticed in this case arising from their being invested with such powers, except Government should adopt such measures (after the example of some former just kings) as might enable it to become acquainted with the proceedings of its executive officers without the intervention of favour or partiality to screen them. It is probable that this superintendence of the Government would be a sufficient check upon the Police Officers, and put them upon their guard. Although the mode of establishing Courts of Appeal may be considered as in some degree a substitute for these restraints, yet it fails in some instances to produce the desired effect. For example, after any one has been punished with the rattan, and thrown into jail, and put in irons by order of a local Magistrate, he cannot recover from that disgrace (which to a person that has any pretensions to respectability, is as bad as death itself,) although the sentence passed upon him by that local Magistrate should be reversed at a subsequent period. If the execution of the sentence passed by a local Magistrate for inflicting corporal

punishment upon a person of respectability and putting him in irons were to be deferred, in case the person condemned appealed against the order of the local Magistrate and paid the regular fees, until the order of the Superior Court of Appeal be issued, this might be preventative of excesses on the part of the Police Officers, and might secure the subject from the injurious consequences arising from their passion or error.

## Further Extracts.

**A Murder.**—One Krishno Doss, a carpenter, residing at Benyapookur of Etally in the Eastern suburbs of Calcutta, suspected his wife, a very beautiful young woman, to have fallen in love with one of her neighbours. On the evening of the 26th of April, while the woman and her paramour were passing their happiest moments in her own chamber, the carpenter returned, and so much pressed was he with hunger, that without paying the least attention to any thing that was going on before his eyes, he, as usual, cried out from the very door, "*Bow, kotah geli bhat de;*" that is "Come, wife, set my dinner before me." The voice of her husband filled her mind with terror; and she came out to give him a pot of water to wash his feet, and then went to light up the lamp. The carpenter took his seat upon the lower beam of the door, and the gallant seeing no other means left of making his escape but breaking through the outside wall, he in that manner effected his retreat. The noise made upon this occasion escaped not the attention of the carpenter, who, thus knowing the treachery of his wife, discovered not the least symptoms of anger; but with the same tone as before told her, "*Nah ami aur bhat khabo nah; amar boro matha dhoriache; cholo gye soya thaki;*" or "I won't dine now; I have got a severe head-ache; let us go to rest." They then went to bed and entered into a long conversation; and about mid-night seeing his wife wrapped in profound sleep, the carpenter rose up, and to satisfy the violent passion which he had hitherto suppressed, he cruelly thrust a knife into her throat, and thus at once put an end to her days. The perpetration of this criminal act gave rise to a variety of reflections in his mind, and he at last came to the conclusion that his own life must pay for the murder which he had committed. Very early next morning, he locked the doors of his house and went to Callee Ghant, where having offered a grand Pooja to the goddess Callee, he came back by the Kutcherry at Allipoor, with a garland of Jora (a red flower) on his neck, and a spot of vermillion on the forehead, (after they had been offered to the goddess). Upon his return and finding the house to be a scene of great noise and tumult, he cried out "What's all this clamour about?" "How came your wife," rejoined the Thanadar, "to be murdered?" At this Krishno Doss candidly confessed his crime, saying, "It is I who have killed her, no one else; therefore bind me." Moreover he boldly related every particular attending the murder of his wife, which induced the Thanadar to secure him and take him before Mr. Barwell, the Judge of Allipoor.—The result will be afterwards published.—*Sunghaud Cowmuddy*.

**Deficient Weight.**—On the 27th of April, a Moosalmallee woman going to buy some fire-wood in the New Balya Ghant, the price was settled with a dealer at 5 maunds per rupee. After the wood had been weighed, she said that there was some deficiency in the weight. On this the dealer having bribed the Chowkydar who was hard by, began to reproach her in grossly abusive language. The woman being unable to bear it, immediately went and complained to the Judge of Twenty-four Pergunnahs, Mr. Barwell; who having brought the Chowkydar and the dealer into his presence, and investigated the matter coolly and impartially, ordered thirty lashes of the rattan to be inflicted upon each of them. The Judge stopped not here; for attended by his Chuprassies and the two criminals, he personally went to the shop, and upon examining the weight, which he immediately after broke to pieces, found that what the woman had said was not altogether incorrect. To make a public example, he then caused the above mentioned number of cuts to be inflicted upon the two persons convicted, and threatened with the same punishment, all such as be found guilty of giving less in any respect than the exact weight. The purchasers have been highly gratified with this act of Justice, since almost all dealers make use of these tricks to cheat people.—*Sunghaud Cowmuddy*.

**Forgery.**—A certain person being anxious to get employment, of the 2d of May, made out a forged recommendatory letter in the name of Miss Thornhill, and gave it to Mr. Chippendale at the Custom House. This gentleman suspecting the veracity of the letter-bearer, wrote a note to the Lady, and her reply turned his doubts into a firm conviction; and the villain was sent to the Police, and is, we believe, to be tried by the Grand Jury for such a felonious act. Farther particulars will be afterwards inserted.—*Sunghaud Cowmuddy*.

HIGH WATER AT CALCUTTA THIS DAY. H. M.

Morning..... 9 36

Evening..... 10 0



## Selections.

**Marchioness of Hastings.**—On Friday last we understand that the MARCHIONESS OF HASTINGS visited the Museum of the Asiatic Society, with which she expressed herself highly pleased.

**Tirhoot.**—Extract of a Letter from Tirhoot:—The climate and scenery of this district are superior to any I have yet met with. Even at this advanced period of the hot weather, we are comparatively cool; while at Patna, only forty miles distant, they are suffering intolerably from the heats. The season, however, here, has been altogether cooler than usual, in consequence of the quantity of rain that has fallen, and the prevalence of strong north-westers and hail storms. You will scarcely credit me, when I tell you, that some of the hail stones which fell during a late storm measured upwards of an inch and an half in diameter; and the appearance of the ground afterwards was that of one sheet of snow.—The Indigo has not suffered much from it, and there is every prospect of an excellent season.

**Bengal Army.**—Rumours have been afloat for some time back about an increase in the Bengal Army. As nothing certain reached us, we forbore to teaze the hopes of our military readers with mere reports that might never be fulfilled. Certain it is, that the propriety of increasing our military force must be evident, especially as the plans of the Emperor ALEXANDER are of such an occult nature, that when his means are recollected, apprehensions cannot but exist respecting the development of projects, which have the most ambitious aggrandizement for their end. Judging by what has already appeared, the Czar is not to be trusted when he professes moderation. The Manifesto which he fulminated after the first grand burst of the Spanish Revolution, and which he afterwards meanly retracted, sufficiently shewed what he would do were he not kept in check by a dread of the effects of the jealousy of other powers. It has frequently been said, that the Autocrat has an eye to India, and that he would gladly avail himself of a favourable concatenation of circumstances to throw off the mask, and make an attempt to wrest the country out of our hands. If there be truth in the supposition that he has such a design at heart, we sincerely wish that he would now, even now, make the bold venture, while the Indian armies still have at their head, that magnanimous Governor who humbled so signally the Goorkas, the Mahrattas, the Pindarrees.

From pretty good authority we learn, that within a few weeks past, a number of Military Officers belonging to the Russian service, had made their appearance in Lahore, and excited no small portion of apprehension in the mind of the Sikh Chieftain RUNJEET SINGH, with reference to the probability of a visit, at some subsequent period, from a Russian force. The Russian Gentlemen in question are said to represent themselves as mere travellers, totally unconnected with any political object, and without any authority from the Court of St. Petersburg. They are reported as taking minute observations upon every circumstance that falls under their notice, and making careful surveys of the country where they sojourn.

Respecting these reports we have to offer two remarks. The first is, as to the alarm stated to exist in RUNJEET SINGH's mind on the probability of a future visit from the Russians. So far as we can judge of RUNJEET's character, we suspect that he would look forward to such an event with any other feeling than one of apprehension. Situated as he is, he would have it in his power to be of great service to an invading army; and we are not aware that RUNJEET is so very partial to our Government as to imply that he would give us his aid as an ally, should such an invasion take place. If RUNJEET really has experienced a feeling of alarm, one would suppose, that upon discovering that Russian Officers were spying about within his territories, he would immediately have given information of the matter to the government here. Whether he has done so or not, is to us unknown.—Our second remark is, that it is extremely unlikely a body or number of Russian Officers should undertake a long, hazardous, and expensive journey, without the countenance of their government.

The political aspect of the times, more especially in relation to the state of Persia and Turkey, and the oblique views of Russia respecting both, may render the appearance of the foreign strangers in Lahore an object of interest to the British government, since it will be important that the possibility of such an ambitious and overgrown power as Russia forming connections with independent states upon our Western and Northern frontiers should be prevented, since the lapse of a few months or years may force us to meet a Russian army on the banks of the Indus.

The matter, whether trifling or important in itself, is evidently one of delicacy, as the Russian authorities, so far from exhibiting a jealousy of British Officers visiting their Asiatic possessions, receive with kindness and hospitality all those Officers of the Indian Army, who pass through Tiflis and across the Caucasus on their return to Europe.

**St. Andrew's Church.**—We paid a visit the other day to St. Andrew's Church, and were glad to find workmen upon the premises repairing such damages as were formerly noticed in the public prints. We trust the Organ is properly looked after, else it will in all likelihood go much out of order.—*India Gazette.*

## Iron Bridges in India.

LIEUTENANT SCHALCH, the Deputy Assistant Quarter Master General, has submitted a plan to Government, for introducing into India, Iron Bridges of suspension, with an account and estimate of an experimental one, to be thrown over TOLLY'S NULLAH, at KULLY GHAT, which has been sanctioned by Government and will be commenced on immediately. The following is an extract from Lieut. Schalch's very able report:—

The general principle of the bridge is this. Cables of sufficient strength are suspended between props on each side of the river, their ends being buried under a mass of masonry, capable of resisting the tension of the bridge, when loaded to its utmost. To these cables a road way is suspended by iron rods. These rods pass through a beam of timber, running on each side of the road way along its whole extent, and are screwed or bolted underneath. For greater security, a bar of iron is fixed under the beams.

It is evident therefore, that the whole weight of the bridge must fall entirely on the cables. Now it has been found by experiment, that a square inch of iron will sustain a vertical force of 26 tons; consequently every 26 ton weight, between the points of suspension, will require a section of cable equal to one square inch, exclusive of the tension of the chain itself, arising from the angle it makes at the point of suspension with an horizontal line; and which, together with the above weight, may be nearly estimated (without entering on the equation of the catenary curve) by the whole weight of the loaded bridge and cables, divided by twice the sine of the above angle.

In practice, it will be necessary, to make the cables strong enough to bear a much greater weight than the bridge is calculated to carry; in order to provide against any extraordinary force from high winds, or other accidental circumstances.

The props over which the cables pass, are made of wood, iron, or masonry. Those of the Dryburgh bridge, which is 260 feet long and 4 broad, in beams of Memel timber, 25 feet in height. The props of the Menai bridge are of cast iron; and those of Union bridge, of masonry.

A bridge on this principle, which is so considerably lighter than an arch of masonry, and of which the whole pressure will be nearly vertical, is admirably adapted to the soil in most parts of India, and particularly in the vicinity of Calcutta: where the ground is incapable of resisting any oblique pressure.

It will also be found particularly well suited to the upper Provinces; for in the event of a river changing its course, the bridge can be removed, at no farther expense than floating it, either on boats or on rafts, and fixing it up in a more favorable situation.

In the Nepal hills, foot bridges of this description will be found highly useful. A section of any ravine or nullah being sent to Calcutta, or the nearest place where good iron and workmen are procurable, a bridge could be constructed for it at a small expense; and as it could be formed into detached pieces of a convenient length; there would be no difficulty in transporting it by water, up the nearest nullah, and finally by land to the place where it is proposed to be erected.

Lieutenant Schalch has accordingly recommended to the notice of Government, that a similar one should be erected over Tolly's Nullah at Kully Ghat, to ascertain the practicability and expense of such works. He has chosen this place from its being situated half way between the Allipoor and Tollygunge bridges, close to the large market of Chittee. A bridge thus situated would add greatly to the convenience of the inhabitants of these two populous places, and would in the course of three years, pay the expense of its construction, by levying the same toll upon passengers passing over it as is now taken at the ferry.

The bridge is to be carried completely across the nullah: which in this part is 120 feet broad between the banks.

It is raised 18 feet above the highest rise of the nullah, and 21 feet above the high water mark in the dry season, which makes it 7 feet higher than the Allipoor bridge, and gives ample room for boats to pass under.

The road way is suspended by rods from chain cables, which pass over rollers, fixed on iron bars built into the masonry of the pillars. The ends of the chains are fastened to large stones or iron plates, and buried under a mass of masonry, or earth, in wells.

There are two cables, one on each side of the bridge. Each cable is composed of two rods, about 10 feet in length, connected by a strong link to others of the same length. The rods of the chain are to be made of the best Swedish iron, one inch in diameter. The perpendicular rods, 22 in number, which sustain the road way, are half an inch in diameter.

The road way is formed of two beams of the best teak timber, nine inches in depth by six inches in breadth, along the whole length of the bridge on both sides, which are framed together, and over laid with saw planks, placed longitudinally, in order to counteract the vertical and



lateral vibration. The planks are to be firmly screwed to the cross beams, and rivetted to a bar of iron underneath.

The pillars which support the cables are 18 feet high and 4 feet square, ornamented with pilasters and an arch connecting their tops. The points of suspension are fourteen feet above the road way.

The base on which the pillars stand, is an irregular octagon, 25 feet 13 at bottom, and 15 feet by at top. The slope up to the bridge rises one foot in three, and is 8 feet broad, with an iron railing 5½ feet high on each side, similar to that along the sides of the bridge.

As the angle formed by the chains is greater on the landward side than between the points of suspension, the tension of the cables will consequently exert a force to pull the pillars towards each other. In order to counteract this force, the braces are fixed to the cross bar over which the cables pass.

The following is an estimate of the expense of such a bridge, when it is not required to be raised above the level of the banks.

Iron including workmanship.....	Rs. 1104
Wood.....	720
Masonry.....	100
Putting up.....	509
Total.....	Rs. 2424

But in the case of the bridge over Tolly's Nullah, it must be raised eighteen feet, to give a free passage to boats underneath: which will require an extra quantity of masonry amounting to Rs. 900. The expense of this bridge will therefore amount to 3324 Rupees; or including contingencies will not probably exceed 4000 Rupees.

As the quantity of materials and labour will be nearly proportional to the breadth, when the length is the same, we may assume that an iron bridge of suspension, 120 feet long and 10 feet broad, will cost 10,000 Rupees; or 14,000 Rupees if the breadth is increased to 24 feet.

The expense will also be nearly proportional to the length of the bridge, when the breadth is the same. Hence a bridge 6 feet broad, and 50 feet long, will cost 800 Rs.; and one 200 feet long and the same breadth Rs. 5000.

The Kidderpore bridge, is now in such a ruinous state that it is dangerous to pass over it. The erection of a new bridge, on the same principle as the present one is constructed on, could not be done for less than 20,000 Rupees; which is I believe what it originally cost. Whilst that of an iron bridge of double the span, 6 feet wider, and 7 feet higher, would not exceed 14,000 Rupees, and would require neither superintendence or repairs after it first erection.

**The Cholera.**—We regret to state that the New Comers are suffering from the present irregularities of the season. The Cholera has appeared in a detachment of H. M. troops, which recently entered the River from Batavia, and has suddenly cut off several of its numbers. The same horrible disease has also shewn itself in Cantonments, at Dum Dum, and proved fatal to several Europeans and natives.

**Captain Cobb.**—We hear it reported that Captain Cobb, the present Secretary to the Military Board, is likely to succeed Captain Tod, as Political Agent in the Western Rajpoot States.

#### Contents of the SUMMOCHAR CHUNDRIKA, No. XI.

1, 2, 3, 4.—Advertisements.—5—Current value of Government Securities.—6—Rate of Discount.—7—Strictures upon the Editor of the SUNGBAD COWMOODY.—8—Ditto.—9—Commercial Intelligence.—10—Current price of Indigo in Calcutta.—11—Exportation of Indigo from Calcutta to many other countries.—12—Agricultural Society, and the Resolutions made by them on the 20th of March.—13—Cultivation of Coffee in this country.—14, 15—Concremation.—16—A sailor and a horse bit by a shark in the river Ganges in Calcutta, and a fisherman and an ox, by a crocodile in Aukha on the very same day.—17—An American in Doontollah killed himself by poison, and before his death, wrote a letter, (which was afterwards found on his table) stating that as he died of his own accord he hoped to meet with forgiveness from God, which the Editor does not allow.—18—A Fire at Maniktollah.—19—Monopoly of Salt and Saulwood.—20—Quantity of Indigo produced in this country, and the value thereof.—21—Oppression exercised by Indigo Manufacturers over the poor subjects.—22—Letter from a correspondent, complaining of the disregard which the Native Physicians meet with, and of the great estimation in which the European Doctors are held.—23—Another letter from a correspondent, expressing his great concern for the generality of rich people's sons who being well convinced within themselves that learning is merely useful to acquire riches, look upon it with contempt.—24—Letter from a Khamaman to the Editor, complaining of the high price of different articles of food.

#### Want of Feeling.

To the Editor of the India Gazette.

SIR,

I perfectly agree with a Correspondent of the INDIA GAZETTE, that one effectual method of restraining the atrocious practices of the Hindoos, is to give publicity to every instance that may come under observation. Impressed with the correctness of this idea, I send you the following brief notice of a transaction, to which I have very recently been an eye-witness.

The evening before last, I received a message from a Bengalee family, requesting me to see their father, who had cut his belly. Upon my arrival at their house, I found that the wound had been already dressed, but the person, about sixty years of age, was to all appearance dying. His son, with the most hardened indifference in reply to my enquiries, laughing while he spoke, stated that his father had ripped open his own belly as a sacrifice to *Beni*, in consequence of being affected with a pain in his bowels. The Bengalees, who crowded round the bed in considerable numbers, appeared to enjoy the circumstance more as a good joke than any thing else:—not a tear was seen in a single eye, nor the slightest expression of grief or sympathy in one of their countenances. To me they appeared more like an assemblage of fiends than ever, and I left this scene, so disgraceful to human nature, equally disgusted and horrified.

The suicide, I understand, survived the night, and was yesterday morning conveyed by his dutiful and affectionate offspring to perish at the *Beni* ghant;—as if the water of that dirty puddle could wash out so infamous a stain, as a man laughing over his father dying by his own hands. No!

"It would rather the multitudinous sea incarnadine,  
Making the green one red."

Your obedient Servant,

R. TYTLER.

Allahabad, May 4, 1822.

#### Venus Waltzing.

To the Editor of the India Gazette.

SIR,

The ignorance displayed by a Correspondent in the GOVERNMENT GAZETTE on the subject of the motion of the Planet Venus, is amusing in the extreme.

This eccentric observer comes to the following conclusion, viz. that Venus in the space of two hours, alternately approaches and recedes from the Sun!

Of this he has no doubt, because he has established the fact by actual measurement.

It is impossible to notice such observations as these otherwise than with ridicule; but it certainly is surprizing how the learned Editor of that Paper should have had his judgement imposed upon by such a pretender to astronomical knowledge.

If he had been satisfied with giving his distances as taken from the instrument, corrected for index error, and correct apparent times, he might have been suffered to pass with this observation—that he had only his labour for his pains; but when he seriously imagines that he CAN measure the distance between the Planet and Sun, so as to discover correctly a variation in the space of 10', and having obtained that variation that without the application of the necessary corrections, he can obtain a correct distance; and when with these incorrect distances he imagines that he has established the fact that Venus is waltzing, the conclusion must be that he is *non compos*; and indeed this is the most charitable construction that can be put upon his nonsense: for if he is sane, his pretensions to astronomical knowledge are only equalled by his ignorance.

This Dandy Astronomer has the following as another conclusion—"So that the general motion towards an APPULSE appears to be diminishing."

Johnson calls *appulse* the act of striking against any thing; so that if the above conclusion means any thing, it is this—that "the general motion of Venus towards striking against the Sun, appears to be diminishing." I called this learned Astronomer a Dandy Astronomer—look at his Times in the last series of distances, taken to a second. Pray how did he calculate this time? But serious remarks on such observations are nearly as silly as the observations themselves, and to attempt to reason with so learned a person is altogether useless. It certainly surprises me that the Editor of the Paper, who gave publicity to such nonsense, did not read these speculations before he gave them the sanction of the Government Gazette.

I am, Sir,

AN ADMIRER OF MODESTY,

May 8, 1822.

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## Native Papers.

The Contents of JAM-I JUAN NOOMA, No. VII.

1—Letter from China, giving an account of a Mermaid.—2—The construction of a new Telegraph.—3—The Queen of France being brought to bed of a son;—and the termination of the difference between the King and his subjects.—4—The reconciliation between the Company's Super-cargoes and the Emperor of China.—5—The poisoning of a Merchant called Radacant, by his boatman.—6—Ireland.—The commission of outrages at Limerick.—7—The transportation of the Model of a Magnificent Building by Captain Hutchinson.—8—Of a dispute between His Majesty's Ship TOPAZ and the inhabitants of Lintin.

The Contents of the MIRAT-ool UKHAR, No. V.

1—Bhangulpore.—Of a great storm there, accompanied with a shower of hail on the 20th April last.—2—A letter from a respectable inhabitant of Lucknow, vindicating Mutomet Dowlah's character, published by the Editor (as he was requested to do) and his own remarks upon the subject.—3—The making of Roads at Midnapore, Cawnpore, &c.—4—The repairing of a Canal, extending from Shuharanpore to Rampore, and beyond it.—5—An extraordinary instance of longevity in a Gentleman at London.—6—The construction of Bridges in the Interior in various places.—7—The account of a dreadful Fire at Surat.—8—Price Current.

## Agricultural Society of India.

To the Editor of the Bengal Hurkaru

SIR,

In some of the Calcutta Papers, I perceived an extract from the proceedings of the Agricultural Society, with a list of premiums to be awarded to the most successful cultivators of Coffee, Cotton, Fruits of Europe, Fruits of India, and Cheese, on which I beg leave to make the following observations.—The encouragement of the two first articles alone, can contribute to the welfare and prosperity of the Ryots of India, and the increase of its valuable products, which I take for granted, is the sole aim of the Committee of the Agricultural Society, and the main object of their labours; but what advantage will accrue to them, from rearing mere Fruits and Cheese, articles not of real use, but of luxury, I cannot conceive. It appears to me, a more wise and feasible plan, to encourage those articles alone in India, which will repay the cultivator for the expense of his labour, and for this reason I would recommend some premiums to be awarded to the most successful cultivator of any species of food, that would either nourish themselves, or their cattle. Lucerne for instance a most valuable grass; three quarters of an acre of which will feed three Horses for one year, growing the faster the more it is cut down, and which not only feeds the cattle, but enriches the land. This grass is well known up the country, where it is used to advantage, and I think it might easily be introduced into Bengal to the benefit of the Ryots, and with merit to the Agricultural Society of India. Another article mostly beneficial to the cattle is Horse Beans, which can be reared in this country without much trouble or expense, and have been found to answer well; besides what an estimable fodder it is for them. It may be sown in the Rice fields after the Rice crop is cut, and will be ready for cutting before the time arrives to sow another Rice crop; thus far, all is clear gain to the Ryot, and where he got one, he could now get two crops in the year, nor is this all, the soil will be improved by the Horse Beans being grown there, a great additional cause for its introduction. I say nothing of Oats, Pease, and many other articles really useful, which can, and ought to be encouraged before Apples and Pears, and all the other steteras for the rich man's table. I object also to the mere trifles of the premiums, which are not equal to half the expense a man must be at to raise the quantity required. I have merely thrown out these few hints for the Committee of the Agricultural Society, who I am convinced have the welfare of the Ryots at heart, and through whose endeavors I sanguinely look forward to witness a real bettering of their condition; besides the encouragement of Fruits belong alone to the Horticultural speculator, and ought not to be leagued in with Agricultural pursuits, in comparison to which, it bears no merit. In a few days I will send you some communications on Horticulture, which I am happy to see, begins to be encouraged by individuals in India, but which can never be looked on any further than an amusement, though it may be a pleasing one in this country. I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

May 8, 1822.

A FRIEND TO INDIA.

## CURRENT VALUE OF GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

BUY.		CALCUTTA.		SELL.	
6	8	New Loans,.....		8	0
10	0	DRto Remittable,.....		15	8

## Indian News.

**Monghyr, Monday, May 6.**—We have had several dreadful storms here lately, one last night, and one on Thursday, which was excessively violent, and attended with the most awful consequences. Just opposite our house in the middle of the night, eighteen, out of a fleet of the Company's Magazine boats, were sunk, and sixty-four unfortunate persons hurried into eternity. It was very distressing to hear the poor drowning creatures calling out "Russee," "Russee," for a rope to save them, and nobody near that could afford any assistance. The Company are said to have lost 1000 or 1100 barrels of gun-powder by this fatal accident.

**Cantonment, near Nagpore.**—An accident occurred here about seven days ago; 3 Natives were sitting eating under the high bank of the River Kanoan, when a large part gave way, which killed one and severely bruised another, the third fortunately escaped. We have had some violent storms lately, but it has not had the effect of cooling the air. Bungalows are rising up in every part of the cantonment, and by the middle of June, we all expect to be able to get out of our tents, materials of every description for building in abundance, and no want of work-people.—*Letters.*

## Indigo.

We congratulate the Indigo Planters upon their improved prospects. Price Currents to the middle of December, announce an advance of 1s. 3d. on the Indigo prices of the preceding sale. The Honorable Company had advertised their sale for the 15th of January, when the whole quantity which had not already passed sale was to be brought forward, amounting to 2,700 chests, which with 7,300 chests uncleared, made the whole stock in the Ware-house 10,000 chests. We have seen one Price Current of a latter date, (Dec. 24,) which mentions, that in consequence of the quantity to be brought forward at the ensuing sale, a slight depression had been experienced, but at the same time the price quoted for prime quantity is 10s. 3d. to 10s. 9d.—*India Gazette Extra.*

## Shipping Arrivals.

## CALCUTTA.

Date	Names of Vessels	Flags	Commanders	From Whence	Left
May 12	Mellish	British	R. Ford	London	Jan. 4
12	Duke of Lancaster	British	J. Davies	Liverpool	Dec. 26

The DUKE OF LANCASTER and MELLISH arrived off Calcutta on Sunday last.

A Ship inward-bound, standing below Light-House, name not ascertained.

## Stations of Vessels in the River.

MAY 12, 1822.

At Diamond Harbour.—ST. THIAGO MAJOR (P.)—VALETTA,—JOHN BARRY, outward bound, remains.

Kedgerie.—HARRIET, outward-bound, remains.

New Anchorage.—H. C. S. EARL OF BALCARNAS.

Saugor.—ANN, outward-bound, remains,—CAROLINE (brig) gone to Sea.

## Passengers.

Passengers per MELLISH, from London to Calcutta.—Mr. C. B. Hoare, Assistant Surgeon; Messrs. G. M. Sherer, and W. C. Ormsby, Cadets; Messrs. D. Ross, F. Thompson, and G. Buller, Free Mariners. From Madras.—Mr. F. Stephenson, of the Ship HENRY PORCHER.

Passengers per DUKE OF LANCASTER, from Madras to Calcutta.—Reverend Mr. G. Erskine, Lieutenant J. H. Winboth, Madras N. I.

## Deaths.

At Dacca, on the 8th instant, Lieutenant Colonel COOPER, Commanding the Dacca Provincial Battalion.

On the 6th instant, Captain JOSEPH KINGSMILL, late of the Country Service, aged 73 years.

At Chandernagore, on the 14th ultimo, Mrs. JOHANNA PEAT, relict of Mr. CHARLES PEAT, aged 56 years.

## COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

BUY.]		CALCUTTA.		[SELL.	
1	11	2	0	On London 6 months sight, per Sicca Rupees	2 0 & 21
				Bombay 30 days sight, per 100 Bombay Rupees	92 *
				Madras ditto, 96 & 98 Sq. Rs. per 100 Madras Rupees*	



